

UC-NRLF



\$B 339 063

Dibdin, Thomas John

Ivanhoe

WITH

SENTIMENTS OF PROFOUND VENERATION,

AND

GRATEFUL RECOLLECTION OF SERVICES,

EMANATING FROM THEIR SPLENDID TALENTS,

AND

GREATLY HONOURING THE SURREY THEATRE;

DRAMATIC ESSAY

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO

CLEISHBOTHAM,

MASTER OF GANDERCLEUCH;

AND

LAWRENCE TEMPLETON, Esq.

OF

TOPPING-WOLD, NEAR EGREMONT,

IN THE COUNTY OF CUMBERLAND.

1820

and Procession, by Mr. Ringway—The Scenery designed by Mr. Wilson, and executed by him and his Pupils, Mr. H. Wilson and Mr. C. R. Dibdin—The Dresses by Mr. Jones and Miss Freelove—The Machinery by Mr. Johnson—The Armour, Banners and Decorations, by Mr. Morris and Mrs. Freelove.

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CHARACTERS.

John, Prince of England	Mr. CLIFFORD
Pilgrim	Mr. WATKINS
Lucas de Beaumanoir, <i>Grand Master of the Templars</i> ,	Mr. FAWCITT
Prior Aymer,	Mr. ADCOCK
Cedric, a Nobleman of Saxon Descent,	Mr. GRANT
Unknown Knight,	Mr. RIDGWAY
Athelstane the Unready, a Knight of Saxon Lineage,	Mr. ANDREWS
Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert,	Mr. BENGOUGH
Sir Philip de Malvoisin,	Mr. COPELAND, jr.
Sir Reginald Frondebeuf,	Mr. CORDELL
Sir Waldemar Fitzurse,	Mr. WALKER
Sir Maurice de Bracy	Mr. GORDON
Robert, Earl of Huntingdon, or Robin Hood, under the name of Locksley,	Mr. PAYNE
Friar Tuck,	Mr. W.S.CHATTERLY
Will the Miller,	Mr. LEONARD
Loge of York, a Jew,	Mr. HUNTER
Wamba, <i>Handyman</i> ,	Mr. FITZWILLIAM
North, <i>Friend to Cedric</i> ,	Mr. WYATT
South, <i>Certain</i> ,	Mr. BRUNTON
Master of the Tournament, and Damien,	Mr. FRITH
Brice,	Mr. DREWELL
.....	Mr. JONAS
<i>Knights, Messrs. Ellis, Burt, White, Pitt, Seymour, &c. Outlaws, Messrs. Edwards, Burden, Dibble, Warner, Clarke, &c. Officers, Messrs. Walker, Jameson, Fotheringham, Croswell, Bedford, &c. Saracens, Messrs. Broughton and Rackstrow.</i>	
Lady Rowena, a Princess of Saxon Descent and Ward of Cedric,	Mrs. W.S.CHATTERLEY
Rebecca, Daughter of Isaac,	Miss TAYLOR
Ulrica, a Wild Saxon Woman,	Mrs. BROOKS
Elgiva, Attendant on Rowena,	Miss BENCE
Alicia, Daughter of Fitzurse	Miss PITTS
Ladies, Nuns, &c. Mesdames Smith, Meyers : Misses Freelove, S. Pitt, E. Pitt, R. Adcock, Taylor, Bologna, &c.	

The Overture and Music by Mr. Sanderson, with Two Selections from Dr. Arnold and the Irish Melodies—The Action, Combats, and Procession, by Mr. Ridgway—The Scenery designed by Mr. Wilson, and executed by him and his Pupils, Mr. H. Wilson and Mr. C. R. Dibdin—The Dresses by Mr. Jones and Miss Freelove—The Machinery by Mr. Johnson—The Armeur, Banners and Decorations, by Mr. Morris and Mrs. Freelove..

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS opportunity is eagerly seized of again publicly thanking the indefatigable zeal, union, and ability, evinced by every member of the *SURREY THEATRE*, in all its departments, towards the production of *IVANHOE*, which was more perfectly accomplished through such determined and spirited assistance, and in a shorter period than perhaps there is any precedent for. The great number of personages in the Romance, and the necessity of compression in the representation, made it necessary to blend the characters of *Fondebœuf* and *De Bracy* into one. Similar liberties have also been taken in some minor instances, for the same reasons.

ADDRESS.

SPOKEN BY MISS COPELAND,

(Who Enters reading a Play Bill)

SO many names, and not a part for *me*,
This must be some strange oversight—I see
Ladies—Wild Women—Jewesses—and sure
I might play *one* of 'em—I, who was poor
Betrayed “*Madge Wildfire*,”—I, who in this reign
Was “*Cœur de Lion's wife*”—and may again
Your sympathetic approbation prove
While chaunting forth (*sings*) “*Oh, Richard, oh my
love!*”

And more than that, in which I most delight
Was, one of your “*Spoiled Children*,” but to-night—
to be—nothing—All these words I said
To our wise *Manager*, who shook his head—
And answered—“*Fanny*”—for he calls me so,
You're not forgot—you must before us go
And ask your friends, the audience, to reflect
On what we've undertaken—don't neglect
To urge, 'twas very few short days ago
Since first in print, appeared *Sir Ivanhoe*;
How much we've had to do, to think and write,
Compose, rehearse, paint, sew, embroider, and what
not, to bring him here to-night—
Tell 'em, too, we are fearfully aware
That every Reader, above all the *Fair*,
Will look for *this*, or *that* scene, which our space
Of time, and limit, may not yield a place,

And each will think the *subject* we neglect,
Unless they see what, *they* may most affect—
Now “ Gentlemen and Ladies,” tho’ ‘tis true
I’m angry with *the bard*, I must tell *you*
If three thick volumes in three Acts you ask,
It may be, probably, no easy task
Your wishes to fulfil—and that no man
Can offer *better*, than the *best* he can;
He has done all our limit will permit,
And—if you wish for more—just stop a bit
Till he can learn your pleasure—in a tricé
He’ll write a supplement—to suit—*half price*.
Ladies and Gentlemen, whene’er we’ve triéd
To win your smiles, those smiles were ne’er denied—
To-night we hope and fear—as well we may
Your judgment on no common place essay.
Prometheus-like, we dar’d of late aspire
To catch a spark from bright *Mid-Lothian’s* fire
And, while repeating now a well-told tale,
If in the rash attempt our efforts fail,
Forgive what—if from *you* we take our sense
Of right, and wrong, and fairly judge from thence
Will be upon *these* boards, our first offence—
Forgive it—should it be one, we implore,
And---we’ll endeavour to do so---no more.

IVANHOE.

A C T I.

SCENE I.

A rude Saxon Hall, with tables laid for a family repast; a raised table and seats for the Chief and his friends, another beneath for the domestics, and a small side table near an antique fire-place.

Enter Wamba (singing.)

When Richard Cœur de Lion reign'd,
Which means a lion's heart;
His barons well their rank maintain'd,
Each play'd a lion's part.

To friends most kind, but unto foes,
If foe should dare arise,
They trod on his toes, tweak'd his nose,
And knock'd him down likewise.

Well, Coeur de Lion's lost on his way from Palestine, and what the better or worse am I for that? reign who will, my royalty is in my motley coat, and my undisputed style and title is Wamba, the son of Witless, chief fool to the potent Baron Cedric, of Rotherwood, who glories in his Saxon origin, hates the new-come Norman race, and is, as times go, a very good kind of an ill-natured, tolerably tolerable sort

of a feudal chieftain.—People talk of the good old times, let 'em; in this year of 1192, things are not at the worst with me, for tho' I live by my folly, I see plenty to keep me company, and as for my vassalage—why, here comes my fellow-servant, *Gurth*, the swine-keeper, he thanks Fortune he's no fool, and I am grateful I don't keep pigs; which of us is the wisest in this, time will indicate.

Enter Gurth.

Gur. What, Wamba, you're in before me, your work's soon done; blockheads have best luck always.

Wam. I deny it, for you're ever the most unlucky varlet I have met with—nay, even now thou wilt be clapped in the bilboes, or get the heavy collar round thy neck, for not littering the piggery earlier: see here's supper set, and thou hast had no hand in it.

Gur. And here comes our master, Cedric, it goes against me to crouch to him in his moods, because I *must*—were I but rid of this dog-like collar, the homage of a *free* man might not be suspected; but British born, and to be a vassal to Saxon or Norman, no matter which, it goes against me, Wamba.

Wam. Aye, thy collar rises upon all occasions, and thou art obstinate as thy own swine herd; but don't be afraid, the privilege of my folly must try to bring off thy stupidity.

Enter Cedric, Oswald, and attendants.

Ced. How comes it, villains, ye have loitered thus? Hast thou (*to Gurth*) brought home thy charge, sirrah, or left them to out-laws and marauders?

Gur. (*sullenly*) The herd is safe, so please ye.

Ced. It does not please me, that thou shouldst stay thus late, shackles and the prison-house shall punish the next offence.

Wam. Ha! ha! ha! to see how matters go, nuncy; nuncle Cedric, you and I must change coats to-night thou art not wise.

Ced. In what, fool?

Wam. Why should you shackle poor Gurth, for the fault of his dog? who flatly refused to bring up the pigs, till it suited his own convenience.

Ced. Then hang up the dog.

Wam. That were unwise again, for the dog is lame, the chace-keeper of your neighbour, Sir Philip de Malvoisin, has cut off his fore-claw.

Ced. The foul fiend take Malvoisin and his keeper both! the curse of a coward on my head, if I mar not his archery. I'll strike off the fore-finger of his right-hand: he shall no more draw bow string. Hence with ye! (*they retire*; Elgiva enters.) Now, Elgiva, the signal for repast has long since sounded; why tarries my ward and thy Lady Rowena?

Elg. She is but changing her head gear; you wou'd not have her sit down in her hood and kirtle; besides, 'tis scarce an hour since the curfew toll'd. (*goes up*.)

Ced. Plague on the curfew!—the tyrannical bastard by whom it was devised, and the heartless slave who can name it with a Saxon tongue, to a Saxon ear!—The curfew, aye! the curfew, which compels true men to extinguish their lights, that thieves and robbers may work their deeds in darkness.

(*A horn heard.*)

To the gate, knaves, see what tidings that horn tells, —off.

[*Exit* Oswald.]

Some robbery I ween upon my lands. Ah, Wilfred, Wilfred of Ivanhoe! my thoughtless son, couldst thou have ruled thine unreasonable passion, thy father had not disinherited thee, and been left in his age, like the solitary oak that throws out its shatter'd and unprotected branches, against the full sweep of the tempest.

Re-enter Oswald.

Osw. The Prior Aymer and the valiant knight templar, Sir Brian, on their way to the tournament at Ashby, request hospitality and lodging for the night.

Ced. The Prior Aymer and Brian de Bois Guilbert, Normans both, but Norman or Saxon, the hospitality of Rotherwood must not be impeached; admit them.

[*Exit* Oswald.]

They are welcome, since they have chosen to halt; more welcome would they have been to have ridden

further; I have sworn, however, ne'er to advance one step from hence to meet a Norman.

(Music. Attendants enter with Oswald, the Prior Aymer, and Sir Brian, two Saracens and a Pilgrim, who bow to Cedric, the latter not leaving his place.)

Ced. I grieve, reverend Prior, that I am bound by a vow, to advance no farther upon this floor of my fathers, to receive even such guests as you and that knight of the holy temple.

Pri. Vows are the knots which tie us to our duties; and were I now to make a vow, it would be, that I never smelt a more savoury savour of venison pie, since I first took to canonicals, (apart).

(Supper brought in. Music.)

Ced. Sir knight, be seated, and let welcome make amends for homely fare.

(As they are about to sit, Oswald says,) Room for the Lady Rowena.

Ced. The Lady Rowena is my ward, good sirs, she is the descendant of Alfred, and last princess of the Saxon race.

(Music. Elgiva and six damsels precede the Lady Rowena, who after much ceremony is seated next Cedric, the Prior and the Knight on each side, the officers, &c. at a lower table, near them at a table by himself, the Pilgrim, whose face is concealed.)

Sir Bri. (Apart) How beautiful!

(Steadfastly observing Rowena, who seems offended and closes her veil.)

Ced. Sir Templar, the cheeks of Saxon maidens have seen too little of the sun to bear the fix'd glance of a crusader.

Sir Bri. I crave your pardon; that is, I crave the lady's pardon, for my humility will go no lower; to her I will make any amends.

Row. I will tax your courtesy no farther, Sir Knight, than by requiring the latest news you bring from Palestine.

Sir Bri. There is a truce with Saladine, which will bring back more of our warriors, lady.

Row. Indeed! delightful tidings! Heaven send them safely home!

(*Lightning, rain, and distant thunder.*)

Osw. (entering) Another guest, my Lord.

Ced. Admit him, be he who he may. [Exit Oswald.] A night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame, and seek the protection of man, their mortal foe, rather than perish by the elements. [Re-enter Oswald.] Now, sirrah, why return without your guest?

Osw. It is a Jew, who calls himself Isaac of York. Is it fit he should come here?

Pri. A Jew! an unbelieving Jew, admitted to this presence?

Sir Bri. A dog! a Jew! to approach a knight templar, a defender of the holy sepulchre!

Wam. By my faith, some templars seem to love the jew's money better than their company.

Ced. My worthy guests! my hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes; if Heav'n bore with eir whole nation more years than we can number, surely, poor mortals may; but I constrain no man to sit with him; let him feed apart, or else with thee, Wamba: the fool and the knave will be well met.

Wam. Then shall this gammon of bacon be the fools protection.

(Music. Isaac enters, bows with great humility, all turn from him, he finds no seat, seems distressed and hurt.)

Pil. (rising) Old man my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, thou art both wet and fasting.

(The Jew bows low, the Pilgrim places a cup and food before him, seems to refuse his thanks, and goes to the other end of the hall.)

Sir Bri. Pledge me mine host, to those knights in arms, who bear them best in Palestine, as champions of the Cross, the templars, and knights of Saint John.

Row. Were there none in the English army, whose names are worthy mention, besides those knights?

Sir. Bri. King Richard's chiefs were second only to those warriors.

Pil. (From a distance) Second to none! (All look round.) Aye! I repeat it. Second to none! And at the tournament the lances of seven of the templars failed before King Richard and five knights: Sir Brian knows, and for myself, I saw it.

(Sir Brian puts his hand to his sword.)

Ced. I would give this golden bracelet, pilgrim, couldst thou tell the names of those who so upheld old merry England's name.

Pil. (advancing) That would I, but my oath, for a time, prohibits my touching gold.

Wam. Take it, I'll wear it for you.

Pil. The first in arms, renown, and place, was Richard, whose knights were, Leicester, Multon of Guilsland, D'Oyley, and Turneham.

Ced. All Saxons, by the soul of Hengist! and the other—

Pil. A knight of less renown and lower rank, whose name dwells not within my memory.

Sir Bri. Pilgrim, it was the knight of Ivanhoe, nor was there any, for his years, had more renown; yet, were he in England, and dare repeat his challenge, in the approaching tournament at Ashby, I would give him every advantage of horse and weapon, and abide the issue.

Pil. If ever he return, I'll be his surety that he shall meet you.

Sir Bri. A goodly surety! *(with contempt.)*

Row. If no other voice is raised, here, in behalf of the absent Ivanhoe, and could my weak warrant add security to the word of this holy pilgrim, I would pledge name and fame, that Ivanhoe shall give yon knight the meeting he desires.

Ced. Nay, this beseems not, lady; yet, much as I have cause to be offended, wou'd I—yes, I wou'd 'gage my honor for the honor of Ivanhoe.

Pri. And whatever any of you choose to pledge, I will take care of, in our convent's treasury, 'till all's decided.

Wam. Never knew a friar yet who would not rather hold stakes than fight for them. *(company rise.)*

Ced. Nay, since you will not tarry, good rest to all.

(All pledge their host and drink.)

[Music. Rowena retires attended, paying, as she passes, a marked respect to

(the Pilgrim; the Prior follows, passing
the Jew with much disdain. Cedric
next, pointing to Sir Brian his way to his
chamber; as Sir Brian goes by the Jew,
he addresses him:)

Sir Bri. Unbelieving dog, dost thou bend thy
course to the tournament?

Isa. I do so purpose, please your reverend valour.

Sir Bri. Aye, to gnaw the bowels of our nobles
with usury, and to gull women and boys with useless
gauds. I warrant thou hast store of shekels in thy
Jewish scrip.

Isa. Not a shekel! not a silver penny! not a
halfling! so help me the father of Abraham. I go to
seek assistance of my tribe to pay one of those fines
these times are ever levying on our race; I am an
impoverished wretch; the very gaberdine I wear is
borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster.

Sir Bri. Beshrew thee for a false hearted liar,
(turns from him.) Saracen slaves! come hither.

(Music. Sir Brian goes up in pantomimic
conversation with the Saracens, the
Pilgrim seeming to observe him.)

Wam. (to *Isa.*) Come, Jew, I'll shew thee to thy
truckle bed; nay, fear not, 'tis farther from the pig-
gery than any other chamber in the castle.

(Music. He lights Isaac out; Sir Brian
goes off with his Saracens; the Pilgrim
remains; Elgiva enters behind him with
a light, taps him on the shoulder, and
points to a door; Pilgrim bows humbly.)

Elg. Nay, look not so grave, holy Pilgrim, I am
commanded by my lady to request your attendance,
ere you retire for the night; neither she nor I have
any design on you, she wou'd but ask further tidings
of young Ivanhoe.

Pil. Is she then anxious?

Elg. Who is not, good Palmer? he is so beloved
here, for all he is disinherited by his father, and, not-
withstanding, the Lady Rowina is commanded to
marry another, that if you can say he's well, in my

Lady's bower, you'll get store of gold for your news; and if you afterwards repeat it in the servants' buttery, they'll join to make you, out of mere gratitude, as tipsey as any holy pilgrim ever was in a christian country. Come, your reverence.

Pil. I follow, damsel. (*She goes off with the light.*) That haughty knight wists not I understood the language of his Saracen directions to his slaves; I'll rob him of his prey. (*Elgiva returns.*) I follow, damsel.

Elg. You need not be afraid, your reverend Palmeriship. [Exeunt,

SCENE II.

Another ancient Apartment.

Rowena enters on one side with ladies, meeting Elgiva and the Pilgrim from the other; the ladies retire a few steps, the Pilgrim kneels to Rowena.

Row. Rise, Pilgrim; the defender of the absent has a right to favorable reception from all who value truth, honor, and manhood. Where, and in what condition left you him of whom you spoke?

Pil. I would I knew him better than I do, since you feel interest for him; he hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, Lady, better than I, must know his chance of happiness.

Row. Wou'd he were already here, and able to bear arms in to-morrow's tournament.—Should Athelstane win the prize there—Ivanhoe is like to hear evil tidings.

Pil. Lady, if he thought you wish'd it, nay, let us hope—it may be—that he is—arriv'd.

Row. Heaven speed him, for thy hopes and tidings accept this, (*gives a ring*), nay—not as alms—but as a gift of love to holy men who—

Pil. (*kisses the ring.*) Yes, as a gift of love—and Ivanhoe shall—

Row. Peace and good even, Palmer! (*she goes off attended.*)

Pil. Good even!—yes, Ivanhoe shall---but I must not neglect a sacred duty: now then to seek the Jew. Ha! sure he comes, and does he wake, or is't some dream of conscience which thus disturbs him?

(Music. Isaac enters wild and agitated,
as just awaking from a fearful dream.)

Pil. (*holding him.*) How now, man? speak!

Isa. (*wildly.*) For the sake of the father of Abraham, spare an unhappy old man! I am poor, I am pennyless! should your irons wrench my limbs asunder, I cou'd not gratify you.

Pil. Fear nothing from me, Isaac—I was coming to seek you as a friend, believe me.

Isa. The God of Israel requite you—I dreamed, but Father Abraham be praised, 'twas but a dream—and what (*in his usual tone,*) may be your pleasure at so strange an hour with the poor Jew?

Pil. To say that if you go not hence instantly and travel with some speed, your journey will be dangerous.

Isa. Whom can it interest to endanger so poor a wretch?

Pil. I heard Sir Brian direct his slaves, in their own language, to watch your departure in the morning, to seize and carry you to a castle, where—

Isa. Where it has become religion to torture Jews for gold, the dream was not dreamed for naught, the vision cometh not in vain; I feel their irons already tear my sinews; I feel the rack pass over me like the saws and harrows, and axes of iron over the men of Rabbah and the Cities of the Children of Ammon!

(*Falls down in agony.*)

Pil. Stand up, and hearken,—you have cause for your terror, considering how your brethren have been used to extort from them their hoards, both by princes and nobles; but stand up, I say, I will conduct you hence by secret paths well known to me, and when once through the forest, you may purchase the protection of some chief or baron, passing to the tournament.

Isa. Me purchase protection! for the love of heaven, young man, betray me not; for the sake of

him who made Jew and Géntile, Israelite, and Ishmaelite, do me no treason. I hav'nt means to buy protection of a Christian beggar, did he rate it at no higher than a single penny.

Pil. Wert thou loaded with all the wealth thy tribe cou'd give thee, what interest have I to injure thee? In this dress, I am vow'd to poverty, nor do I change it for aught, save a horse or a coat of mail. If thou doubt'st me, remain.

Isa. Oh no, good youth, go with me, and defend me, I will requite it—poor as I am, I will requite it—but not with money. Money—so help me Father Abraham, I have none, but—

Pil. I have already said, I ask no recompence, but if in the list of thy debtors, thou wilt, for my sake, release from the dungeon some unhappy Christian who stands in thy danger, I shall hold this service to thee well bestowed—

Isa. There is yet another recompence, thou dost wish a horse and arms.

Pil. What shrew'd fiend prompted that guess?

Isa. No matter, for as I guess thy want, I can supply it—I have seen a knight's chain under that Palmer's gown; but lo, we are watched, and thy promises—

Enter Gurth.

Pil. Peace! Gurth come hither, unlock the postern gate, and let forth the Jew and me.

Gur. Indeed! soon said—the Jew taking Norman leave in company with a Pilgrim! we suffer no guest to depart by stealth at these unseasonable hours—

Isa. I fear'd it—I fear'd it—(*apart*)

Pil. (*to Gurth*) And yet, I think thou wilt not refuse me such a favor, lend me thine ear, man—

Isa. 'Tis better to lend than give.

Gur. (*dropping on his knees*.) By all the good saints of Norman, Saxon, or—

Pil. Beware—thou wert wont to be prudent, go unlock the postern, thou shalt know more hereafter, fetch him his mule, and me another, that I may bear him company till he is beyond the forest, I will return it safely, and do thou— (*whispers Gurth*)

Gur. Willingly, most willingly, shall it be done.

[*Exit.*]

Isa. Good youth, I will tell thee as we pass where thou may'st find a friend, who, for my sake, shall give, that is, shall *lend* thee steed and arms.

Pil. But Isaac, should I be vanquished, they will be forfeit to the victor, then how shall I restore them?

Isa. It will not be so, good youth, the blessing of our race will be upon thee, and thy hand shall be powerful as the rod of Moses.

Pil. Yet as I mean to spare neither horse or man, the steed may be slain and the armour injured.

Isa. I care not—only put not thyself too forward in the vain hurley-burley; I speak not for the goods, but for the safety of thy life and limb.

Pil. Gramercy for thy caution, I'll use thy courtesy frankly, and it shall go hard with me but I'll requite it.

[*Exeunt.*]

(*As they go off Elgiva is seen watching at the door.*)

Elg. The Pilgrim departing! I have suspicions that he is the very—

Wam. (*peeping from the opposite side*) Elgiva, thou hast been closeted with that Pilgrim; at whom thou art now taking a parting peep, and I would fain know why?

Elg. Ask no questions, fool.

Wam. Then shall I get no answer; you'll not say so when we come to marry, for then I must ask wilt thou take—

Elg. A fool—oh no, for then should I be one myself, and two fools together would be unprofitable partnership.

Wam. Not so, pretty Elgiva, for as two negatives make an affirmative, so may the laying a pair of silly heads together do much towards increasing this world's wisdom; thou cam'st from Ireland with some of Strongbow's descendants, and thou hadst better wed comfortably here, than go back for a husband.

Elg. I don't know that but I had a sweethearth there, almost as roguish as thou art.

Wam. And his name?

Elg. You shall hear it.

DUETT, (*Old Irish melody*)

Elg. Cush la ma chree, cou'd you but see,
How the rogue he did serve me?
Wam. It's nothing to me, for plainly I see,
How many tricks in love there be.
Elg. No girl cou'd 'scape, but he roguishly kist her;
He courted myself and he married my sister.
Both Cush la ma chree, I plainly see
How many tricks in love there be.
Wam. Over the sea you'll never catch me,
While Cupid dwells on English ground.
Elg. Cupid's a fool, and I make it a rule,
With wiser people to be found;
A fool's a rod,
Wam. And a wit's a feather,
And putting our folly and wisdom together,
Your cush la ma cree,
Did never yet see,
So clever a couple as you and me.
Both Cush la ma chree never cou'd see,
So clever a couple as you and me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

*Moonlight.**A Woody-pass on the road to Ashby-ae-la-Zouch.**Enter Locksley and Outlaws.**AIR—LOCKSLEY,*

King Richard's gone to Palestine,

To break the Saracen's bones, good luck!

And then to quaff good cypress wine,

While we at home drink noble sack.

With a hey, ho,
Twang the bow.

As long my boys as we can stand,
 With a health to the king,
 Our woods shall ring,
 And the maidens fair of merry England.
 Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

While Cœur de Lion's warriors roam,
 And fight so bravely over sea;
 We'll stand up for his rights at home,
 Like yeomen, trusty, bold and free.
 Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

Loc. Well sung, my merry men—

Enter Friar and Miller.

Ah! Friar Tuck and my jolly Miller, the moon's going down, the sun peeping through a saffron curtain, and every road to Ashby is crowded with Normans, Saxons, nobles, gentle, simple, fat friars, lean clients, rich lawyers, stout yeomen, pretty damsels, burley barons, and delicate ladies: there'll be fine booty in the forest when they return at night-fall.

Mil. You'll see the sport, captain?

Loc. And join in it; those who will may go with me, in what disguise you list; but mind, you are to act the parts of honest men, so keep your hands out of each others pockets, for the credit of the profession.

Fri. And who are the great ones to be present, captain? Is Prince John at the head of the merry solemnity?

Loc. Even so, Prince John, brother to our absent King Richard, and Brian de Bois Guilbert, the templar, and Reginald Frondeboeuf, the hospitaller, and Aymer the prior, and Hugh de Bracey, and—

Mil. And all as great rogues as ourselves.

Fri. How so, Miller? expound.

Mil. Prince John wants to rob King Richard of his crown, the prior wants to lay violent hands on the archbishop's crosier, Bracey would steal the chancellor's seals, and—

Loc. And, like thyself, Miller, all would bring grist to their own mill.

Fri. Talk not so profanely, it's a fast day and time for mattins, so fill us a horn of the strongest ale,

and after another merry round, we'll away to the tournament.

Loc. With all my heart, let's have a stave to suit our own condition.

Fri. Aye, and a moral one.

GLEE. Tune.—“*When Arthur First.*”

When Lion Richard ruled, why then

The Saxons wore long robes,

He entertained three serving men,

And all of them were rogues:

The first he was a miller bold,

The next he was a weaver,

The third he was a taylor, good lack,

And they were all rogues together.

The miller he stole grist from his mill,

The weaver he stole yarn,

The taylor he stole broad cloth,

To keep the other rogues warm:

But the miller got drown'd in his mill dam,

The weaver got hung in his yarn,

And taylor Dick went plump to old nick,

With the broad cloth under his arm. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

The stage splendidly arranged for a tournament: on one side a throne for Prince John, who sits surrounded by his nobles, opposite to him a vacant throne, less richly but more fancifully decorated. Beyond the thrones are two magnificent pavillions for the knights. Lords, ladies, knights, &c. seated. Cedric, Athelstan and their attendants above, Isaac and his Daughter, in a splendid eastern dress, below, the Prior, Fitzurse, Bracey, Reginald, &c. near the Prince. On one side, carelessly leaning against the scene, is a majestic looking knight, in sable armour, his helmet closed, and his shield dis-

playing a blue fetter-lock, in his hand he carries a ponderous axe; the stage is roped round with scarlet cordage, sustained by gilded posts, guards are at the four corners, in the centre, a vanquished knight lies prostrate; Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert stands triumphantly, with his sword raised, and his foot upon the fallen knight. A grand flourish, and shouts are heard as the scene draws, and after a pause the Prince rises.)

Prin. J. 'Tis bravely done, Sir Brian, yet, thine adversary well deserves his sword, he has fought gallantly.

(Sir Brian gives the knight his sword, he rises, bows to the Prince, and retires)

And thou hast fought better still: stand forth victorious knights who each have conquered his opposer, I think the champion must be hardy who next essays ye.

(Flourish. Brian, Reginald, De Bracy, Malvoisin, and Fitzurfe, stand forward. During the above, Locksley and outlaws enter and observe. Trumpet sounds thrice.)

Her. If any knights are bold enough to accept the challenge of the victorious warriors, let them approach.

Prin. J. Rest ye awhile; if in the given time no other knight appears, we will to gayer sports. Prior, dost see that beauteous heathen by yon aged Jew, she does outshine our court of Christian ladies. Command there to make room.

Pri. Benedicite! and for a Jewess too!

Her. They do refuse, your grace, they'll make no room.

Prin. Refuse at my command! De Bracey! go tell those Saxon churls—

Fitz. *(apart to the Prince)* My lord, my lord, this is no time to irritate the subjects of your brother; you'll never gain your seat upon his throne, or yet these peoples hearts, unless your courtesy, not threats, shall smooth the way before you.

Prin. *(apart to Fitzurfe.)* I am reprov'd, thou'rt right; dare no knight then encounter my brave friends, who thrice have each been conquerors?

Wam. By my folly that's a poor recommendation to invite the timid.

Her. No one appears, my lord.

Wam. And no one will, I hope; I am a fool by profession, and if five more can be found in the field, I shall pass but for a sixth part of the whole set.

Prin. Observe yon sluggard knight, his form and arms seem meant for mighty matters, but he shuns the very chance of honor. (*The black knight retires.*)

Lock. Oh! wou'd I had the title! by my spurs, which then would be mine own, I'd lower some few crests that wave so proudly.

Prin. What sayst thou, fellow?

Lock. That if these knights, my lord, wou'd shoot at Woodman's mark, at Woodman's distance, I'd undertake all five.

Prin. How?

Lock. Aye, my good lord, or split a wand five times ere they'd find out the bull's eye.

Prin. Saucy hind, who art thou?

Lock. An English yeoman, please you.

Prin. And thy name?

Lock. Locksley, great Sir; I have another, (*aside*), but that's a secret scarce worth the telling now.

Isa. Rebecca! is't not strange the brave young man don't come, I hope the sword and armoury is safe.

Reb. Nay, father, gratitude for his goodness to thee bids me pray for his safety, and that he may not venture.

Ced. No one accept this challenge! must I in my old age put on my mail and hauberk?

Reb. Oh, my lord, were your son, Ivanhoe, but here.

Prin. Sound there! once more.

(*Trumpet sounds, it is answered, and Gurth enters, half arm'd as an Esquire.*)

Ced. (*apart*) How! my vassal! how came he here?

Her. Speak thine errand, say what five hardy knights?

Gur. Not five, but one.

Her. And one against which champion?

Gur. Not against any one.

Her. Thy riddle then—

Gur. Not against any one, but 'gainst all five.

Wam. Five fools in one—I'm beat out of the field.

(*Trumpet sounds again; a young knight appears elegantly armed, on his shield is pourtrayed an oak tree pulled up by the roots; under it the Spanish word, "Desdichado," or Disinherited.—He advances to the front, salutes the Prince and the ladies gracefully with his sword. Herald addresses him:—*)

To which of these is thy defiance, knight?

(*The knight answers by signs.*)

Wam. If it be not to the smallest, my reputation, as a fool, is gone.

Her. He defies all in turn; but chief Sir Brian.

(*The knight points to all, and then strikes Sir Brian's shield.*)

Wam. Then it is all over with both of us.

Reb. I tremble for the youth.

Isa. And I for the armour! 'Tis, lost—all lost!

Prin. Let them set forward!

(*Trumpets—after the usual ceremonies, they fight, Brian and the other knights are defeated, and retire.*)

Prin. Demand the stranger's name!

Her. I have, my lord; but he has made a vow not for some certain season to disclose it; his title in the field is "The Disinherited."

Prin. In the name of valour, who is this knight?

Prior. 'Tis one of King Richard's followers.

Prin. 'Tis Salisbury, or brave De Malton.

Pri. Or should it be—perhaps, the king himself?

Prin. (much agitated.) I tread upon an adder; shou'd it be he, ye'll not desert me, friends?

Fitz. Nay, nay, my lord! he wants king Richard's height and bulk—you but betray yourself; I pray be firm.

Her. The victor waits!

(*Music. The knight kneels to the Prince, who presents him with a coronet of laurel and gold.*)

Prin. Please ye unarm? *Her.* He may not, for his vow.

Prin. First, we salute ye lord of this day's honor, and 'tis your envied privilege to chuse, from all the beauty here, a queen, to fill yon vacant throne, as lady of the sports that will ensue; might I, as you're a stranger, give advice, Alicia there! the daughter of my friend, (*pointing to Fitzurse*) shou'd be your choice; she long has reigned the first in loveliness!

(Music. *The knight respectfully bows, takes the coronet, and kneeling, presents it to Rowena. A great shout and flourish — the Prince and knights, especially Sir Brian and Fitzurse, are incensed; the lady is conducted in state to the throne opposite the Prince.*)

Her. My lord! the knights demand once more to try the fortune of the day against this warrior, and an equal number, if so many dare oppose them.

Ced. Athelstane, for shame! A Saxon and refuse!

Ath. I'd rather try my sword against that youth who pretends to love your ward—I join Sir Brian's party.

(Music. Brian, Athelstane, and the other four draw up, the disinherited knight and a like number oppose them; the companions of the young knight are soon defeated, and he is attack'd, press'd on, and surrounded by four at once, and is beat on one knee; when the black knight suddenly appears, & with his axe quickly clear's the way before him, 'till only Sir Brian remains opposed to the young knight; the black knight then rests leisurely on his arms, and disappears as soon as the young knight has a second time conquered Sir Brian, to whom he however returns his sword. Flourish and shout. The Prince rises.)

Prin. J. 'Tis to the knight in sable armour we decree the honor of this combat; call him before us.

Her. He withdrew but now, and on a steed of swiftness ne'er surpassed, is far beyond a hope of overtaking.

Prin. Then, gallant youth, the field he leaves to thee, and I must know whose brave arm has foil'd our choicest leaders. Lady Rowena, queen of the day, 'tis now thy turn to crown the noble soldier, whose choice and valor placed thee on thy throne.

(Music. *The knight, who seems exhausted, bows to the Prince, approaches Rowena with evident difficulty, and while attempting to salute with his sword, falls at her feet as if dead—they raise him, remove his helmet; he appears pale, wounded, and bleeding.*)

Row. 'Tis he! Tis Ivanhoe—dead—lost!

Ced. Now, Heaven forbid! My son! My son!

Row. 'Tis Ivanhoe!

(She faints in Cedric's arms. All form a tableau: and the act drop falls.)

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.

A plain Apartment in Isaac's House—Wine and cups upon a ledge.

Enter Isaac and Rebecca.

Isa. Say not a word, Rebecca, all is lost: the life of the poor youth, and the price of the armour that was lent him.

Reb. Dear father, the youth's life is far beyond the price of the armour, as thy life, which he saved, is far beyond *all* value.

Isa. Good child! Good daughter! And what has become of him? For in the hurry of the closing day 'tis said that he, like that bold black knight, who fought so well, was missing suddenly?

Reb. (Apart) Dare I but tell my father—and why not?

Isa. Why speakest thou to thyself?

Reb. Your pardon, sir, but fearing for the youth, who—
(*A knocking heard*)

Enter Reuben.

Isa. Put on thy veil.

Reu. A Saxon Christian, on important business.

Isa. Retire, Rebecca; go, my daughter, we must mind essentials; he may come to borrow, or to pay.

(*Goes towards the door.*)

Reb. For all this I'll watch—a Saxon, perhaps, a friend of the brave youth, who—Ah! Rebecca! in sooth thou art to blame.

(*Exit, as Gurth enters on the other side.*)

Isa. (Not seeing him at first.) Come in your valorship, come in, my lord, and—Ha! well! what dost thou want?

Gur. Art thou Isaac of York?

Isa. I am. Who art thou?

Gur. That is not to the purpose. I having to pay money, must know the person to whom I deliver it: thou who art to receive it, need not care greatly by whose hands it is delivered.

Isa. Thou wilt need a seat—a cup of wine too will do thee no harm; (*offers one*) and from whom dost thou bring it?

Gur. The disinherited knight; the pilgrim to whom thou didst supply armour and steed.

Isa. And dost thou know his fate?

Gua. I know he proved the best man out of six, and before he had well taken breath, he gave me from the ransom his enemies had to pay, that which I instantly set off to bring to thee.

Isa. And dost thou not know he drew his sword again?

Gur. I didn't stop to see. I knew he was going to fight man against man, but I heeded not the issue: the one who had beat five, would find it play to mingle man with man.

Isa. I had better not tell him of the youth's disaster, for he might keep the treasure; I'll take it, if it be but to return it. (*aside.*) Pray thee what money hast thou brought? Thou hast in that bag at least one hundred zecchins. Take thee another cup.

Gur. Aye! but not all for thee—the horse I have brought back, he is sound, wind and limb, in your stable; and seventy zecchins is enough for the armour, on the word of a Christian.

Isa. Nay,—eighty, I'll reckon them—the gold is good.

Gur. (*while the Jew is reckoning.*) I'd willingly save something of the sum for my young master's sake, and yet his father, old Cedric, may hang me like a dog, for playing thus the truant: well, hast thou reckon'd them?

Isa. (*counting.*) Seventy-one, seventy-two—thy master is a good youth—seventy-three—an excellent youth—seventy-four—has been clipped, no matter—seventy-five—looks bright—seventy-six—when thy master wants money, let him come to Isaac, of York—seventy-seven—with reasonable security—seventy-eight—thou art a good fellow—seventy-nine—and as thou deservest something for thyself, I trust thy master will reward thee handsomely.

Gur. Write me an acquittance, and on peril of thy beard, see it be full (*filling a goblet*) and ample.

Isa. (*writing and giving a paper.*) My mind misgives me—thou hast other monies, I saw a bag.

Gur. Which holds a hundred more; but thou hast made thy bargain, the balance goes to my master, and so, Jew, fare thee well. [Exit.]

Isa. Rebecca!—that Ishmaelite, I fear hath gone beyond me;—ha! Rebecca! thou art gone: I will lodge this in safety;—a brave youth! I hope he will recover, that I may surprise him by returning this good payment; and tho' he be not of our persuasion, I rejoice that he hath gained shekels of gold, and shekels of silver, even by the speed of his horse, and the strength of his lance, which, like that of Goliah, the Philistine, might vie with a weaver's beam. [Exit.]

Re-enter Gurth.

Gur. Plague of St. Michael on these devilish chambers; I can find no way out.

Enter Rebecca (with a lamp.)

the door is closed.

Reb. I come to open it: I pray what sum paid'st thou, even now, my father?

Gur. Eighty zecchins.

Reb. I thought I heard aright; in this purse are one hundred; my father did but jest; go, pay thy master that which is his due, and enrich thyself with the remainder: haste! begone! stay not to render thanks!

Enter Reuben.

Reuben light forth this stranger, and fail not to draw bolt and bar behind him; fare thee well!

[Gives Reuben the light and Exit.]

Gur. No Jewess, by St Dunstan! but an angel; my master gave me ten zecchins, and twenty more from this pearl of Zion; such another gift would

enable me to buy off my bondage, lay down my swine-herd's horn and staff, take the freeman's sword and buckler, and follow my young master to the death, without hiding either my face or name. Oh! to think of the glory of being free, and not subject to the tyranny of proud, unfeeling, overbearing men, who deserve—I tell you what, you fac-totum of an Israelite, I am a true Saxon, and if you don't light me carefully out, I'll cut your ears off. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

A wild woody landscape—a rude and solitary hermitage, with a dilapidated chapel opposite. Music.

The Black Knight enters, looks round, sees the hermitage, and knocks at the Entrance.

Fri. (in a tremendous voice from within) Who art thou? Wou'dst thou disturb the vespers of a solitary hermit? Begone! begone, I say!

B. Kni. Nay, good father, tell me but my road, kind father?

Fri. The road is easy—the broken path from the wood leads to a morass, thence to a ford; then take care of the left bank, which has tumbled in, and keep straight forward on the right.

B. Kni. A broken path, a wood, a ford, and a morass; I shall tempt no such road; and tell thee, hermit, thou livest by the charity of the country, and hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer, in distress.

Fri. (within) Friend wayfarer, if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, 'twill be the worse for thee.

B. Kni. Say'st thou so? Open then, or by my battle-axe, I'll leave no plank of thy hut together.

(Music. *The Knight thunders at the door, which bursts open; and the Outlaw Friar appears, with a torch in one hand, and a stout staff in the other.*)

Fri. Now, son, why wou'dst thou disturb the servant of St. Dunstan, in his evening's devotions?

B. Kni. The poverty of thy cell might seem sufficient defence against plunderers; besides I see dogs and cross-bows there within.

Fri. My friend, the forest keeper, lends these for my protection, 'till the times shall mend; what more woud'st thou?

B. Kni. So, so. I guess (*apart.*) Not to disturb your piety, I would ask of your wisdom three things, first, where am I to put my steed, which is close by there in the thicket? secondly, what shall I have for supper? and thirdly, where am I to take up my couch for the night?

Fri. Your stable will be the thicket—your bed will be the floor—and your supper in this bag, (*giving one*)

B. Kni. Dried pease! And my drink?

Fri. Best of all! thy drink is in the well of St. Dunstan.

B. Kni. What's thy name?

Fri. Thou mayst call me the clerk of Copmanhurst; what's thine?

B. Kni. Truly, reverend clerk, thou mays't call me the black knight, and some say the sluggard; yet I am sometimes active, and can see the neck of a flask, especially when it peeps from under a water drinker's gown: (*snatches a bottle from the Friar, and tastes it.*) By my sword, this produce of St. Dunstan's well, is marvellously well flavor'd; if thy pease were half so good, there'd be some hope yet; let's in and see whether thy forest friend—

Fri. I see thou art no carpet knight, so do not flourish thy battle-axe, but e'en come in; we'll bring thy horse a back way to a mossy shelter, he shall eat the pease; and if my friend the keeper has not furnish'd a nook of venison pie, enough for both of us, I have a quarter staff and bow, wherewith we'll have a bout for it.

B. Kni. Say'st thou so? then do I follow thee, most reverend friar.

(*They go in and shut the door.* Music.)

Enter Gurth.

Gur. Wou'd I were free of these tangled thickets, thrice have I lost my way, and doubt whether I have

found it once: I wou'd I were safe at my journey's end with all this treasure; I have been among knight errants all day, and may now be surrounded by errant knights of the halter. (Friar sings within) Eh! mercy on us—these shou'd be good fellows! courage! here may be shelter, yet these may be monks or minstrels, with whom a single mark might be in danger, much more my rich charge of a whole sack full of zecchins.

(Miller and Outlaws appear while he is speaking, and surround him.)

Mil. Speak not, stand and deliver the rich charge thou protest of, or thou art dead! What hast thou?

Gur. Thirty zecchins of my own, with which would purchase my freedom of my master.

Mil. Thou art an ass; three quarts of double ale, wou'd make thee freer than thy master: what more hast thou?

Gur. As much as being what is entrusted to me, I will not give up while I have life, good miller.

Mil. We'll see that: here's a bag, (feeling Gurth's side pockets.) which I think will recompense—nay, then, an you resist—

(One of the Outlaws having put his staff against a tree, Gurth snatches it up, and, after a fair fight, he knocks the Miller down—during the contest, the others cry fair play.)

Gur. There's recompense for thee.

(Outlaws advance.)

Mil. Nay, hurt him not, he's a right brave bondsman, and, if free, would be an honor to our company.

Enter Locksley.

Loc. How now, Miller, down and thy head broke?

Mil. Fortune de la guerre, captain, I care not for a gibe; 'twas well and yeomanly done, fair play and old England for ever—the Saxon has saved both his purse and his hide—

Loc. And the Miller has met with his match—well, bold Saxon, thou must be fond of gold to venture thus thy carcase.

Gur. It was not for my own—let it go—I can still be a slave—but my master—

Loc. And who is he?

Gnr. That's his affair.

Loc. And who art thou?

Gur. That's not thine: my master is called the disinherited knight.

Loc. The conquerer in the tournament?

Gur. The same.

Loc. Then is thy master dying of his wounds and captive to his bitter enemy.

Gur. How knowest thou this?

Enter Wamba.

Wam. He learn'd it of a fool. Oh! Gurth, Gurth, thy very swine will wail to hear the tidings.

Gur. My master prisoner, and I loitering here!—have you no better weapons than these staves?—can't you lend me a few of these honest rogues to—

Loc. Silence! (*Wamba and Gurth talk apart.*) Where's Allan-a-Dale?

Mil. On the road to Rotheram, with twenty men in search of booty, if it please St. Nicholas.

Loc. Devoutly spoken: where's the bold Pindar?

Mil. Watching for the rich Prior, the abbot o Jourvaux.

Loc. That should have been the Friar's duty; where's he?

Mil. Drunk in his cell; but now I heard him singing.

Loc. (*Knocks at a hermitage.*) What ho awak thee, Friar.

(Friar sings within, "Which is the proper-
est day to drink, Saturday, Sunday,
Monday," &c.)

Loc. What vespers call ye these? Open to Locksley.

Fri. (*Opening the door, and appearing tipsey*) That name's a charm, a talisman.

Loc. And who hast thou got within there?

Fri. A brother of our order, a black friar, we've been at our devotions.

Loc. As I perceive, and art thou mad? and hast thou forgot our rules, to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know?

Fri. Not know him! I know him as well as—

Loc. What's his name then?

Fri. Sir Anthony Scrabblestone; as if I would drink with a man and not know his name.

(*The Black Knight enters from the cell.*)

B. Kni. Good yeomen be not angry with my merry host, he did but yield me that hospitality I had compelled on his refusal.

Fri. You! compel! wait 'till I have changed my gown, and with this staff, if I don't ring twelve on thy pate, I'm neither clerk or woodman.

Loc. Go wash thee sober at St. Dunstan's well, and then we've use for thee; this gallant knight has broke more heads to day, and nobler too, than thou wouldst think of—go—I command!

Fri. Compel forsooth! but I'll compel his crown to— [Exit grumbling.]

Loc. Sir Knight, by the prowess you display'd to day—I should hold you a friend to the weaker party.

B. Kni. 'Tis the duty of a knight at least.

Loc. And this concerns the duty of every Englishman. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves—aye! gallant yeomen, dress'd to pass for you,—have seized the person of the noble Cedric and his ward, the Lady Rowena, the Jew, Isaac, and his beauteous daughter are also their prisoners, in the Castle of Torquilstone, within this forest: wilt thou not, gallant knight, aid in their rescue?

B. Kni. I'm bound by my vow, but I would know who you are that request it.

Loc. A nameless man, friend of my country, and my country's friends: my word was never broken, and, as you too choose concealment, let this satisfy.

B. Kni. It shall, but yet a word.

(*They go into the hermitage as Gurth and Wamba come forward.*)

Gur, My Lord and Lady! and how came they prisoners?

Wam. My Lord was too ready to fight, Athelstane not ready enough, and the rest not ready at all; and they fell so like the crab apples you shake to your swine, that I'd laugh if I could, but fo iweeping.

Gur. But—our young master? what became of Ivanhoe?

Wam. The Jewess, I tell thee, that is, her servants, carried the young knight from the field so quickly, that when Lady Rowena recovered and enquired for him, our master, Cedric, thought 'twas our own people had the care of him: on our journey home, the Jewess and her father ask'd our protection for themselves, and a disabled friend in a close litter. When we were all surrounded, I fought, for the first time in my life, 'till I lost my wits, and when my senses returned, found I was a mere fool and not worth taking prisoner; told my story to that honest man, who looks like a true born deer stealer, and am now ready to march in thy company.

Gur. What said my lord to my playing truant with his son?

Wam. Condemn'd you to perpetual imprisonment, and kick'd your dog out of the court yard.

Gur. My dog! May not a bondsman find compassion even for his dog! for myself, I mind not; but Cedric shall rue it, when next I see him.

Wam. In a prison?

Gur. True, he perhaps may now *feel* what it is to be a prisoner, and since he is in distress, 'tis my duty to assist in his rescue, or die; else wou'd I tell him—

Wam. Die in his defence first, and tell him the rest after.

(*The Black Knight and Locksley come forward.*)

B. Kni. And is it Frondebœuf who has turned oppressor?

Loc. Oppressor he ever was! And my two hundred yeomen, and as many more of Cedric's vassals, will scarcely suffice to storm his castle, supported as it is by Brian and De Bracey, and much I fear me, sanctioned by Prince John; well mayst thou start, bold stranger! Forward, my merry men, collect our friends, and wou'd our brave King Richard were but here, to see his yeomen thus devote their lives in aid of his liege subjects—march! away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

An apartment in Torquilstone — The Castle of Frondeboeuf.

Enter Sir Brian and Frondeboeuf.

Sir Bri. Thou hast my thanks, the prey is safely lodg'd within your castle, and thy service no longer needful.

Fron. Perhaps not, Sir Brian—but a lovely woman may have attractions for me as well as others; I trust the Lady Rowena will impute to the vehemence of my passion, the violence I have been guilty of.

Sir Bri. Wou'dst thou rob me of my design?

Fron. The fiend laughs when one thief robs another, and were he to spit fire and sulphur, it wou'd never prevent a templar from following his bent.

Sir Bri. Or the leader of a free company from the injustice he does all mankind.

Fron. Nay, ours is a common cause, which dissension mustn't mar—revenge, love, and profit have an equal share in it.

Sir Bri. Your hand then—my views, like yours, are changed: my passion for the wealth of lady Rowena has yielded to the charms of another; take you your blue-eyed beauty, and welcome, only leave me the lovely daughter of Isaac.

Fron. And me her father's gold—our different pursuits shall cement our interests; Prince John's views upon King Richard shall still further bind them; for he dare not break with us; and thus protected, what have we to fear?

Sir Bri. Each then to his pursuit—I'll to my black-eyed Jewess, with whom, fear of her father's safety will be my advocate. [Exit.]

Fron. Her father's life depends upon his ransom, and I've a crucible shall extract gold from harder flint than his.

Enter Rowena.

Welcome, fair lady, to the castle of a friend.

(*Offers a seat.*)

Row. In presence of my jailor, it becomes his prisoner to stand, while she learns her doom.

Fron. In presence of your captive, not your jailor.

Row. I know you not, nor will the jargon of a troubadour, apologize for the violence of a robber.

Fron. Yet let me hope; my name has not always been unknown, when minstrels and heralds have prais'd deeds of chivalry, in the lists, or in the field.

Row. To heralds and to minstrels leave thy praise, more suiting for their voices than thine own; and, tell me, how shall they record in song the memorable conquest of this night over an old man and a few timid hinds? its booty a hapless maiden! transported to the castle of an Outlaw.

Fron. You allow no excuse for a frenzy, caus'd by your beauty; lady, 'tis meeter for thy humour to be wooed by bow and bill, than in a lover's language.

Row. Courtesy of tongue, when veiling evil deed, is a knight's girdle round a base born clown.

Fron. Then, in the bold terms which better justify bold actions, I tell thee thou shalt never leave this castle, unless thou leave it as the wife of Frondeboeuf.

Row. And is it thus the subjects of the Kingly Richard —

Fron. He's prisoner in Austria—nor will his minion, Ivanhoe, ever lead thee to his master's footstool, to be welcom'd as the bride of his favorite.

Row. Ivanhoe! the gallant youth! the valiant, the true knight! who! tho' under the momentary shade of his father's anger, like the sun from a cloud, will burst forth with added brightness—Ivanhoe! the conqueror, by his virtues, of this heart, never obtained less fame, than when he conquered thee, thou recreant knight!

Fron. This mighty champion is in my power, here in this castle, wounded, and carried in the train of the fair Jewess, who has eyes to see as well as thou hast, lady—Ivanhoe is here, and on thy frown or smile, his life depends.

Row. Indeed! then do thou save him, for the love of Heaven!

Fron. It is my purpose, for when Rowena is my bride, who shall dare lay finger on the son of her guardian, the companion of youth; who otherwise must die, and Cedric also.

Row. Cedric! my noble, generous guardian! I deserved the evil I have encounter'd, for forgetting his fate, even in that of his son.

(*A tremendous blast of a horn is heard.*)

Fron. What strange alarm? retire, madam, and contemplate the danger will accrue from obstinacy—your lover, and his father—

Row. Are of true Saxon blood, and wou'd not own me, cou'd I sacrifice to selfishness and fear, the honor of that race from which I spring. [Exit.

Fron. Thou shalt be mine. How now, Sir Brian, (*he enters*) hast thou convinced the daughter of old Isaac?

Sir Bri. I have not yet seen her. The castle is surrounded by Cedric's vassals and an outlawed band, headed by the Black Knight, whose heavy axe left some remembrance at the tournament; they have summoned us, and demanded the detained—

Fron. Go bid them send a priest to shrive our prisoners, who instantly shall die upon the ramparts, unless their vagrant army raise the siege.

Sir Bri. Nay, give thine own commands.

Fron. I first have other business; lend me thy Saracens? And hie thee to thy Jewess, while I seek her father.

Sir Bri. My Saracens are at thy orders, Knight. Hamet, and Ibrahim! What ho! within there!

[*Exeunt.*

(*Row. Alas! what ails me? Alas!*)

Row. What ails me? (To herself) What ails me? I know not. No thoughts, words, nor emotions, bring me but only silent, all of amidst all, thoughts

SCENE IV.

*A Dungeon.**Enter Isaac.*

Isa. No! there is no escape, I've look'd around; all bolted, barred, and fast! as if they kept some treasure here, and not the fading useless frame of poor old Isaac. Ha! they come.

(*Chains and bolts withdrawn. Enter Frondeboeuf and two Saracens with baskets —at a sign from Frondeboeuf, one of the Saracens takes a pair of scales from his basket, and throws them on the ground.*)

Fron. Now hated offspring, of a hated race, see'st thou these scales? In these shalt thou weigh me out one thousand silver pounds.

Isa. Ransack my house and those of all my tribe, and thou wilt not find the huge sum of silver thou dost speak of.

Fron. I'm not unreasonable. *Gold* will do, so shalt thou free thee from such punishment as heart has ne'er imagined.

Isa. Have mercy on me, I am old and helpless; it were unworthy to triumph over me; it is a poor deed to crush a worm.

Fron. Think not I speak but to excite thy terror, I swear by that which thou dost *not* believe, my purpose is deep and peremptory; this dungeon is no place for trifling, many have died within these walls whose fate has ne'er been known; but for thee is reserved a sharp and lingering death, to which theirs were luxury. Advance!

(*To the Saracens, who approach the Jew.*)

See'st thou, Isaac (*pointing off*) the range of iron bars above yon glowing charcoal? On that warm couch 'tis thine to lie, until the fine be paid.

Isa. It is impossible your purpose can be real; the God of nature never made a heart could think such cruelty!

Fron. Trust not to that, but choose.

Isa. I have no choice, for I have not the means.

Fron. Away with him, and let the fathers of his race assist him if they can.

Isa. Oh! mercy, I must beg as a mendicant at the door of our Synagogue, e'er I can make up so unheard a sum. When? Where, must it be paid?

Fron. Here, on this dungeon floor.

Isa. And what my surety that I shall be free?

Fron. A Norman noble's word.

Isa. And, pardon noble Lord, why should I take his word, who will not trust mine?

Fron. Because thou canst not help it, Jew. Wert thou in thy treasury at York, and I craving a loan, it would then be thine to dictate the time of payment and security; this is my treasury chamber, here have I thee at 'vantage, nor will I deign repeat the terms on which I grant thy liberty.

Isa. And the liberty of my companions, the wounded knight, the noble Saxon and his ward, who help'd us on our way?

Fron. Their ransom will depend on other terms.

Isa. Give my daughter safe conduct to York, and the treasure shall be paid down on this very dungeon floor.

Fron. Thy daughter have I given as a handmaid to Sir Brian, after the example of thy predecessors.

Isa. Oh!!! did I hear right? Take all that you have ask'd, take ten times more, reduce me to ruin and to beggary, pierce me with thy poignard, broil me on the furnace, but spare my daughter!—as thou art born of woman, spare the honor of a spotless maiden!—she is the image of my deceased Rachael, she is the last of six pledges of her love: will you deprive a widow'd husband of his sole remaining comfort? Will you reduce a parent to wish his only living child was laid beside her dead mother, in the tomb of her fathers?

Fron. I thought your race lov'd nothing but their wealth.

Isa. Think not so humbly of us; the hunted fox, the tortured wild cat, loves its young; and the des-

pised, the persecuted race of Abraham love their children!

Fron. Perhaps so; but my word is pass'd to my comrade in arms; besides, why should'st thou think evil will come to her?

Isa. Is not thy friend a Templar? And when did Templar breath aught but cruelty to man and dishonor to woman?

Fron. Infidel! darest thou defame our order? pay the ransom, or woe betide thy Jewish throat.

Isa. Robber and villain! I will pay thee nothing, unless my daughter be safely given to me.

Fron. Have thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?

Isa. I care not—do thy worst—my daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer a thousand times than those limbs thy cruelty can threaten: no silver will I give thee, unles pour'd molten down thy avaricious throat; no, not a silver penny Nazarine; no, murderer, as report goes, of thy father! were it to save thee from the deep despair thy crimes have merited—take my life if thou wilt, and say the Jew, amidst his tortures, knew how to disappoint the cruel Christian!

Fron. Seize him!

(A most tremendous alarm is heard. Music.

At a signal the Saracens drag the Jew off on one side as Frondeboeuf goes out opposite.)

SCENE V.

Another part of the Castle.

Enter Cedric and Athelstane, with a Warder and Guards, followed by a Monk.

Ced. Tell me, Normans, is it my life or wealth your master aims at? Take our existence as you have our freedom; tell your tyrant, I do only beseech him to dismiss the lady Rowena, in honor and in safety: he need not dread a woman; and with us will die all who dare fight in her cause.

War. I came not to parley, but to bring this monk, who has bad tidings for you: thou art a bold friar to come hither, where, saving our own drunken confessor, a cock of thy feather has not crow'd these twenty years. [Exit, with Guards.

Mo. The blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Dennis, St. Duthoc, and all manner of saints, be upon ye and about ye.

Ced. Why com'st thou hither?

Mo. To bid ye prepare for death.

Ced. The villians!—I am ready.

Ath. And I—

Mo. (Throws open his gown and appears as Wamba) For the first time I believe, and you, nunky, Cedric, hadn't you better look before you take so long a leap in the dark; had you listened to a fool's advice formerly, you wou'dn't have been here, take it now, and you sha'n't be here long.

Ced. Wamba! how mean'st thou?

Wam. Take this gown and cord—march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle to take the dark leap in your stead.

Ced. But they wou'd hang thee, my poor fool.

Wam. Well, Wamba the son of Witless, the son of Weatherbrain, may hang in a chain with as much gravity as a chain hung on his ancestor, the Alderman.

Ced. If thou art such an hero, make the change with lord Athelstane instead of me, he is descended from our kings; let the old tree wither, and save him, my trusty Wamba—'tis the duty of a Saxon; and thou and I will abide the fury of our oppressors.

Ath. Not so, my lord.

Wam. You are called wise men, let a fool decide between ye; I am like John-a-duck's mare, who will let no man mount her but John-a-duck: I came to save my master, and I'll not stay and be hanged for any body else.

Ath. Make haste then, noble Cedric, your presence will encourage friends to our rescue.

Ced. Have we then friends?

Wam. Hath a priest latin, or a lawyer trickery? Five hundred at the least, and I was one of their leaders: we shall see what they'll get by exchanging a fool for a wise man, truly I fear they'll lose in valor what they gain in discretion, so farewell master; be

kind to poor Gurth and his dog ; and let my coxcomb hang up in the hall at Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful fool. (whimpering.)

Ced. Thy memory shall be preserved while fidelity and affection have honor upon earth. Farewell my gallant friend (to Athelstane.) But if I am spoken to how shall I answer like a true friar ?

Wam. *Pax vobiscum pantramina haunchinos venisonibus, old sack, hung beef, in ale cellarinos,* such latin is as good to a friar, as a broomstick to a witch, or a wand to a conjurer.

(Music. *They change dresses*--Wardour enters Cedric, &c. embrace.)

War. Hast thou any thing to say to Sir Reginald ?

Ced. *Pax vobiscum pantramina venisonibus*—I shall never be able to get half through.

[Exit with Wardour.

Wam. I never knew a wise man cou'd say half as many words as a fool in all my life ; come fellow prisoner, fear not, I'll be true to the last, and doubt not but in this honest undertaking we shall hang thgether.

Ath. They have however provided us a supper, you see.

Wam. I'm sure you will partake of it [Exit Athelstane.] And so would I, if the anticipated squeezing in my throat would permit ; truly 'twere a pity to waste good provision, when, what with Norman impudence, and Saxon idleness, provisions have grown so dear, that being hang'd to day may save my life from finishing by starvation to-morrow. Oh dear ! dear ! these are troublesome times indeed !

AIR.—WAMBA.

(*Parody on an old Song.*)

Time was, when to offer a cow, folks were willing,
For ten-pence, who now sell a sheep for a shilling ;
An ox very lately was worth eighteen-pence,
Now they charge half-a-crown, without any pretence ;
As to bread, we to eat it must very soon cease,
For double peck loaves are three-farthings a piece.

Oh ! well-a-day, what shall we do,

In this year, 'leven hundred and ninety and two.

What tho' wages rise, and a stout man they say,
 If lucky, may earn near a penny a day,
 For which I have bought forty capons or more;
 Now the villainous rogues charge as much for a score:
 And wine, upon which, in old times, I intruded,
 Is four-pence a dozen, no bottles included..

Then ah! well-a-day, what shall we do,
 In one thousand, one hundred, and ninety and two.

Since times are so bad, and all things go awry,
 And as there's no living, 'tis better to die;
 And since I can't stay to enjoy it myself,
 To my pretty Elgiva I leave all my pelf,
 Dear me, how she'll weep, when my fate she shall hear,
 And find herself worth two pounds seven a year.

Oh! dear, what shall we do,
 In this year, 'leven hundred, and ninety and two.

As for raiment, what I should do, nobody knows,
 But my master, the baron, provides me in clothes,
 Cloaks, jerkins, and doublets maintain such a price,
 Honest men must be turncoats, and make 'em serve
 twice;
 And as for small garments, that haven't a name,
 They're five groats a pair, and I'm sure that's a
 shame.

Then oh! well-a-day, what shall we do,
 In one thousand, one hundred and ninety and two.

[Exit.

SCENE VI.

*Interior of a Tower, with a practicable window—
 Ulrica discovered spinning.*

Enter the Warden and a Guard, with Rebecca.

War. (to *Ulrica*) Up and away, old house-cricket,
 thou must leave thy chamber to this fairer guest.

Ulr. Aye, I've known when my bare word wou'd have cast the best man of arms among ye, out of saddle and out of service; and now must I up and away, at the command of ev'ry groom.

War. Thou hast had thy day, old dame, but thy sun has long been set; come, amble off with thee—

Ulr. I'll omens dog ye both, and a kennel be your grave—may the evil daemon, Zernbock, tear me limb from limb, if I go 'till I have spun my hemp.

War. Answer it to our Lord then, old house fiend. *[Exit with Guard.]*

Ulr. What devil's deed have they now in the wind? but 'tis easy to guess—(*looking at Rebecca*) bright eyes, black locks, and a skin like—aye 'tis easy to guess, why they send her to this lone turret, whence a shriek cou'd no more be heard, than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the earth—thou wilt have owls for thy neighbours, fair one, and their screams will be heard as far, and as much regarded as thine own: outlandish too! what country art thou off, Saracen? or Egyptian?—why doesn't answer?—thou can't weep, can't thou not speak?

Reb. (weeping) Be not angy good mother.

Ulr. Thou need'st say no more—we know a fox by the train, a Jewess by her tongue.

Reb. For the sake of mercy, what am I to expect; if they seek my life to atone for my religion, I'll lay it down most chearfully.

Ulr. Thy life, minion!—what would that pleasure them?—thou wilt have such usage as was once thought good enough for a noble Saxon maiden; and shall a jewess like thee repine, because she hath no better—I was young and fair, as thou art, when the father of this Reginald and his Norman crew storm'd this castle—my father and his seven sons defended their inheritance from story to story, from chamber to chamber—not a room, not a stair, but was slippery with their blood—they died—every man, and ere that blood was dried—I became the prey and scorn of the conqueror!

Reb. Is there no help! no means of escape? richly, richly wou'd I requite thine aid.

Ulr. (solemnly) From hence there is no escape, but through the gates of death—and it is late—late, ere they open to us, fare-thee-well, Jew or Gentile—

thou hast to do with those who have no pity, fare-thee-well; I say, my thread is spun, thy task must yet begin.

Reb. Stay! stay! for heaven's sake, tho' it be but to revile me, thy presence is some protection.

Ulr. No presence is thy protection, none can avert the doom which surely waits thee.

[*Exit at a door.*]

Reb. She has lock'd the entrance—ah, who comes here—

(*Music.*)

Enter Sir Brian, (muffled in a cloak.)

Ah! (*she offers him jewels*) take these, good friend, and for heavens sake be merciful to me and to my aged parent.

Sir B. Sweet flower of Palestine, these pearls are orient, but yield to thee in fairness—these diamonds are brilliant, but cannot match thine eyes—and I have made a vow to prefer beauty before riches.

Reb. Do not yourself such wrong—take ransom and have mercy—gold will purchase pleasure—to misuse a helpless maid will bring remorse—my father will satiate thy utmost wishes.

Sir B. He is already in the hands of a powerful alchymist, who, by the help of fire, can convert into gold and silver, even the rusty bars of a dungeon grate—thy ransom must be paid in love and beauty, and in no other coin will I accept it. (*throwing off his cloak.*)

Reb. Sir Brian! What woud'st thou have of me, if not my wealth? what art thou?

Sir B. A templar---behold the designation of my order.

Reb. Darest thou appeal to it—while transgressing the most solemn vows of knight and man.

Sir B. Thou art the captive of my bow and spear, nor will I abate my right. (*advancing to her.*)

Reb. Stand back—stand back—my strength thou may'st o'erpower—for God made woman weak, that her defence might be entrusted to the generosity of man—but I will proclaim thy villainy, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other—I will owe to

the superstition of thy brethren what their compassion might refuse me; and those who tremble not at thy crime, shall hold thou hast dishonour'd the cross thou wearest, by thy pretended love for a daughter of my people.

Sir B. Keen is thy wit—but loud must be thy voice, if heard beyond these walls—one thing alone can save thee—renounce thy faith, and thou shalt hence as Brian's lawful wife, and in such magnificence of state as even Norman dames shall envy thee.

Reb. Renounce my faith for one which harbours such a votary! craven knight! Templar forsworn! I scorn and I defy thee—the father of my faith can open an escape for his daughter e'en from this den of shame!—(Music. *She throws open the window, and steps on a battlement of the castle wall.*) Templar! I am on the highest rampart of the castle—advance one step, and I plunge to the horrid depth below, and this body shall be crush'd upon the stones beneath, ere it become thy victim.

Sir B. Rebecca—by the earth—the sea—the sky—

Reb. If thou advance one foot, by all that's dear to female purity, I will perform my threat.

Sir B. Nay! hold thy dreadful purpose.

(Music and loud alarms. *As he extends his arms toward her, she leans forward as if to put her purpose in execution, and the scene closes.*)

SCENE VII.

A Chamber—Alarms continued.

Ivanhoe enters, feebly leaning on a sword.

To Iva. It will not be—the effort of leaving my couch already has overcome my feeble frame—my friends approach—the battle rages—but they ne'er will find

me!—hapless Ivanhoe, thou hast not force left to protect a woman.

(Music. *Rebecca rushes on and faints in his arms, he with difficulty supports her, and on her recovery he falls upon a couch.*)

Reb. (drops on her knee) Escaped! thank Heaven! thank Heaven! The rushing blast of war call'd back my persecutor; ah! good youth, is it then thee?—my father's friend! Say, how can I help thee, how can I serve one good, kind hearted Christian? (Alarms.)

Iva. I fear no help can save me—cou'd I drag myself to yonder loophole that I might see how this brave game will go; had I but a bow, to shoot a single shaft, or battle axe to strike one blow for our deliverance; but 'tis in vain, I am alike nerveless and weaponless.

Reb. Nay! let me, noble knight, in thy place, mark the battle's roar.

Iva. You must not, shall not; every aperture will be an archer's mark—some random shaft—

Reb. Fear not! (looking out) oh! cou'dst thou see! he leads them on—a sable knight, who hews the path before him—his high black plume floats like a raven o'er a field of slain—the master of the castle meets him—he has fallen!—

Iva. Fallen! who?

Reb. The sable knight—ah! no! he is on foot again—snatches a yeoman's axe, and presses Frondeboeuf with blow on blow—the giant stoops and totters like an oak under the woodman's steel—he falls! he falls!—our tyrant.

Iva. Canst thou see the Black Knight's shield, bears it not some device?

Reb. A fetter-lock, in azure colour.

Iva. I know it not—or else there were but one, as I shou'd deem, cou'd do such deed. (alarms) The battle comes towards us, damsel.

Reb. Oh! let me fly, e'er yet too late, and seek my father—youth, how shall I aid him? (Alarms.)

Enter Sir Brian and Frondeboeuf (*the latter wounded*) and *Soldiers.*

Sir B. I'm yet in time for thee, my orient prize—
a sally port is open—death alone shall part us.

[Exit with *Rebecca and Soldiers*.]

Fron. Seize, and convey that stripling where he may be an hostage for our safety. (*Ivanhoe taken off.*) Baffled—wounded—Rowena rescued—Bracey prisoner, and I mortally hurt—going I know not where—no help—where be those friars now who suffer me, the heir of their houses-founder, ungrateful villains! to die like a dog, unshiven and unhousell'd? where's Brian? he's a templar and a priest—yet 'twere better to confess to the evil one, than to him, who recks not of Heaven, or hell—I have heard old men talk of prayer—prayer by their own voice—why then bribe a priest?—but prayer, oh! no—alas I dare not.

Ulr. (*Suddenly appearing behind the couch on which he has fallen*) Does Reginald Frondebeuf live to say there is that thing on earth he dare not do. (*In a hollow tone.*)

Fron. Who's there? what art thou, that echoest my words like the voice of a night raven? come forth, that I may see thee.

Ulr. I am thine evil angel, Reginald; think on thy misdeeds—rapine! rebellion! murder!—hast thou not stirr'd thy prince against thy king?

Fron. Hence! Let me die in peace.

Ulr. Nay! thou must first bethink thee of thy crimes—these floors bestained with blood—thy father's death—thy cruelty to me, whom that fell father and his minions trampled beneath their feet—thee and thy Norman race; and now, revenge, led by my hand, pursues thee.

Fron. Dost thou yet live?—long since—

Ulr. Long since thy slaves were paid for my release, but those who once are bought, may be again; and I am to be thy punisher; thou, who never spared Christian nor Infidel, but wrung their wealth by torture (*alarms*)—The Saxon calls thee, why dost not arise?

Fron. Within there!

Ulr. Do not call, behold this key, entrusted by thy slaves to lock up innocence; in retribution now, it closes thee against all aid, the castle is in flames, the fuel room below, fired by my hand, now blazes—fare thee well, this key confines thee; while on yonder tower, I'll watch the fires 'till they reach even me, then sink among the ruins I have made. [Exit.

Fron. (Astounded.) What said she? Yes, the smothering element confirms the fearful tale. (A glow of reflected fire begins to pervade the apartments.) Oh! for one draught of air, my gallant friends! it will not be; my wound too, mercy! No! forms of the tortured, and of him I slew, ye follow me! no outlet! then from that battlement I'll seek my doom, leap from the summit to the gulph below, and cheat the hag of half her fell revenge. (Rushes out.)

(The apartment gradually disappears; the castle is seen in flames; Ulrica appears exulting on a lofty pinnacle; the Black Knight, Locksley, and Cedric, are fighting their way into the castle; Sir Brian carries off Rebecca, in spite of great opposition; Ulrica, brandishing her torch, sinks among the ruins, and in the midst of the tumult the act drop falls.)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T . III.

SCENE I.

The Outlaw's oak or trysling tree—in the centre of a picturesque forest. Locksley, seated under the oak, surrounded by the Miller, the Black Knight, Cedric, Gurth, and Outlaws.

(Flourish of horns as the curtain rises.)

Lock. Now, sirs—who hath seen our chaplain? Where is the curtal friar?

Mil. I saw him busy about the door of a cellar in the castle, swearing by the Kalendar he would taste a smack of Frondeboeuf's Gascon wine.

Lock. Then has he dipped too deep in the wine butts, and perished by the fall of the fortress. Pardon my freedom, noble sirs, but, in these glades, I am monarch, and my wild subjects wou'd wreek little of my power, were I in my own dominions, to yield place to mortal man. Noble Cedric, take of the spoil what may reward your followers.

Ced. Had it not been for the fall of my friend, Athelstane, I shou'd be more than satisfied. My son and the Lady Rowena are both in safety, and I am rich enough to reward my friends.

Wamba. (entering.) Some of whom have been wise enough to reward themselves.

Ced. But thou, poor knave—how shall I reward thee, who fear'd not chains or death for the sake of thy master? All forsook me, while the poor fool alone was faithful—(*embraces him.*)

Wamb. (kneeling.) Nay, master, if you pay my service with the water of an eye, I needs must weep for company, and then what becomes of my profession?

Wou'd you indeed pleasure me—pardon my companion, Gurth, who stole a day from your service to bestow it on your noble son.

Ced. Pardon him! Kneel Gurth, I give thee freedom, in town and from town, in the forest as in the field—a hyde of land I give, from me and mine to thee and thine, and evil on his head who this gainsays.

Gur. (*jumping up.*) A smith and a file to do away the collar from the neck of a free man. Noble master, doubled is my strength by your gift, and doubly will I fight for you—there is a free spirit in my breast—I am a man changed to myself, and all around; nor do I think my faithful dog will know me.

(*Flourish and shouts.* *Lady Rowena enters.*)

Row. Brave! brave yeomen! Heaven and our Lady bless you for gallantly periling yourself in the cause of the oppress'd.

Lock. To have sav'd you, gentle lady, is an action that requites itself, and may atone for some wild woodland deeds.

Ced. Sir Knight, I know not how to offer thanks.

B. Kni. I have seen too much of thy fool's simple bravery, that if you will lend him to me as a companion, in my journey, I shall be amply paid.

Ced. Wilt thou go, Wamba?

Wam. Any where to see the world—provided the knight gets tired of the fool, and the fool of the knight, you'll take me again without a character.

(*A distant dirge heard.*)

Ced. The funeral procession of Athelstane, who fell in the affray, awaits our coming. Lady, I attend you—Yeomen, whatever Rotherwood affords, is ever yours—farewell.

(*Music. As they take leave—Cedric, Lady Rowena and Gurth go off.*)

Lock. Noble Knight, since you'll no other boon, accept this bugle—listen to these three notes (*sounds the horn*)—whene'er you give them breath within this forest, 'twill gather round an host of fearless friends.

B. Kni. And firmer friends I ask not ! Come, good fool.

[*Exit.*]

Wam. I follow, good knight—Now for fortune, who, they say, by a sort of paradox, follows every fool who runs after her.

[*Exit.*]

Fri. (entering.) Here am I with my prisoner;— seeking for old sack within the cellarage of yonder castle, I found a Jew ! Behold him—

Enter Isaac.

A Jew; by my valour.

(Miller entering with the Prior on the opposite side.)

Mil. And I a prior.

Lock. Let them name each others ransom. Jew, say what thou think'st yon prior should pay ?

Isa. His convent's very rich, six hundred crowns, I think, shou'd be the least.

Pri. Six hundred crowns ! my masters, are ye mad ? where shall a child of poverty like me, raise half the sum ?

Isa. I'll lend the money on his written note.

Pri. Thou misbelieving—

Lock. Silence ! the Jew is rich and generous. Prior, say what shall *he* pay for ransom ?

Pri. Plutus and Croesus join'd, are paupers to him ; you're madmen, blockheads, bunglers in your trade, if you take less than one thousand crowns.

Lock. The Christian is more generous than the Jew.

Isa. One thousand crowns, whence will ye take it ? I am this day childless ; oh, daughter of my belov'd Rachael ! were each leaf upon the tree a crown of gold, and all mine own—I'd give it to know thy fate.

Mil. The templar took her off: I wou'd have sent a bow shot after him, but fear'd to harm the damsal.

Isa. Thanks ! thanks ! a blessing be upon thee ! yet wou'd thou had'st dispatch'd thine arrow, wou'd it had pierc'd her bosom—better in the tomb of her fathers, than the arms of that licentious Templar !

Lock. Get thee to the preceptory house of the Templars: there Brian holds thy daughter; be lavish with thy gold, and thou'l regain her.

Pri. Pay my ransom, and I'll give thee a letter to Sir Brian.

Fri. Pay thine own ransom first.

Lock. (takes the Jew apart.) Do as thou art ask'd. What, man! I know thy wealth; I was Diccon the sick yeoman, thy daughter redeem'd from fetters at York, and tho' I know the very chest where thou do'st keep thy gold, and the great stone under the apple tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber beneath thy garden, yet has my gratitude kept it sacred from my fellows; lose then no time, plead no more poverty.

Isa. (after hesitating.) I do remember Diccon—keep the secret—wilt please you write (*to the Prior*) you'll keep the secret Diccon (*to Locksley*.)

Pri. Lend me thy tablets; yet dare I not use thy pen; where shall I find one?

Fri. (shoots off an arrow, a wild goose falls.) There, there's a whole skin-full, brother!

Lock. Prior, keep thy faith, go to the cave and write, go ye together; and remember, Isaac, as thou shalt act, thy secret shall be kept.

Isa. I may not call thee good, I will not call thee evil: fare thee well, thou'l keep the secret, the Prior will keep his word.

Lock. If he do not, his Priory's unsafe—away. (Exeunt Isaac and Prior.)

Now, fellows, to the feast, which no one more enjoys than he who has nobly done his duty. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A Royal Apartment in the City of York. Flourish.

Enter Prince John attended;—with a Letter.

Prin. This pithy notice from my good ally of France, can mean no less than that my brother Richard hath escap'd from Austria's prison; he hath well describ'd my brother's character, and my peril, (*reads*) "Shift for yourself, the devil has broke loose." I

hear too, Cedric and his Saxon followers, aided by Locksley and his outlaws, dare to besiege the castle of my friend.

(Enter Sir Brian hastily.)

How now, what means this ? are the Saxons in rebellion ? where is Frondeboeuf ?

Sir B. Frondeboeuf has found a grave among the blazing rafters of his castle, nor is this news the worst ; King Richard is return'd : nay, start not, 'tis true as truth ; all's lost with you and us, and if once he heads an army—why looks my prince thus earnestly ?

Prin. There is grave cause ; come hither, valiant knight. I have long time been thinking on this chance, nothing like forecast ;—knowest thou, Sir Brian, how he journeys ?

Sir B. Alone, quite unattended.

Prin. There's but one road he can journey to our safety. Mark me, he must be met.— (significantly)

Sir B. Be met ! but not by me ; I was his prisoner once, he gave me freedom, I will not harm a feather in his crest—

Prin. Who spoke of harming him ? think'st thou, sir knave, I meant he should be slain ? a prison would be better, no matter whether in Austria or Britain. Our uncle Robert liv'd in Cardiff Castle.

Sir B. And died there—in the opinion of some great men, there is no prison-builder like your sexton, no dungeon like a church-vault ; but prison, or tomb, I wash my hands of it. [going]

Prin. Villain ! would'st thou betray our council ?

Sir B. I am no betrayer, nor must the name of villain couple with mine.

Prin. But thy free followers draw few such nice distinctions.

Sir. B. My lord, my lord, you have sufficient ruffians of your own ; not one of mine shall budge on such an errand. Prince, I will abide by thee in all becomes a knight, but never, never, will I turn assassin. [Exit.]

Prin. My father, King Henry, had faithful servants, and had but to say he was plagued by a factious priest, when straight the blood of Becket stain'd the marble of his own altar : Fitzurse must be the man ; I

have promised to make him chancellor, and while he thinks of that, his arm will stick at nought. Well, let him think ! A chancellor indeed ! my brother's murderer will hardly be the man to keep my conscience.

[Exit attended.

SCENE III.

A Garden at a Preceptory House of the Templars, at Templestowe. The Grand Master, Lucas de Beaumanoir enters, followed by Malvoisin.

G. Mas. Valiant brother of our order, what avails it that I, Lucas de Beaumanoir, Grand Master of the Templars, shou'd visit this your country to discover how shamefully our statutes are disgraced ?— Is it not true that the head of the preceptory of Templestowe, even Sir Brian, has brought hither a paramour, whois now concealed within his walls ?

De M. 'Tis but too true that the irregularities of our English Templars, are, if possible, as bad or worse than yours in France.

G. Mas. But I will use my power to cleanse this Augean stable.

Enter Damien, who kneels.

Now, brother, thou hast leave to say—what with thee ?

Dam. A Jew, noble and reverend father, prays to deliver a letter to brother Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.

G. Mas. Let him bring it here, and let a guard attend our call ; it may be wanted.

Dam. The Jew is here, so please you.

Isaac enters and kneels.

G. Mas. Now, sirrah, thy business with Sir Brian ?

Isa. I bear to him a letter, please your reverend valour, from holy prior Aymer.

G. Mas. Oh evil times! said I not so? and, lo, a Cistercian Friar sends a letter to a soldier of the Temple, and can find no better carrier than a Jew! —it cannot be.

Isa. 'Tis here, so please you. (*offering a letter.*)

G. Mas. Back—I touch not unbelievers but with the sword—take *thou* the letter, brother, (*to Damien*) and give it me.

De Ma. (*giving it.*) And wilt thou break the seal?—

G. Mas. And shall I not? Our order gives me power—here, here's goodly stuff for a priest to write to a preceptor (*reads.*) “We rejoice thou hast escaped with that fair Jewish sorceress, whose black eyes have bewitch'd thee; yet beware this second witch of Endor come not to the knowledge of thy Grand Master, who careth not for black eyes or cherry cheeks, and is come from Normandy to diminish your mirth, and amend your misdoings: therefore give her up to her father, the Jew, who will pay roundly for her ransom. 'Till our next merry meeting o'er the wine cup, fare thee well.” Here's order and regularity! and who is this “second witch of Endor?”

De Ma. (*apart.*) A pupil of Miriam of York, who was burnt for sorcery, and of whom she learned the art of healing, as some in this house can testify: She lately undertook to cure a knight, who—

G. Mas. Silence!—is it true she hath recovered those in danger?

Isa. Many, when other human aid was vain; but the blessing of Jacob's father was upon her.

G. Mas. Did she use cabalistic words?

Isa. A balsam only of marvellous virtue, which she had of a sage matron of our race of—of Miriam.

G. Mas. Aye, of a wicked sorceress like herself—a witch, whose ashes were scatter'd to the four winds, and so be it to me and to mine order if her pupil do not share her fate. Damien, spurn hence this Hebrew from our gate—shoot him if he oppose or turn again—with his daughter we will deal as our high office warrants.

[*Exit with Conrad, Isaac stands as if petrified.*

Damien. Come, old man, thou hast heard what I am commanded—I am sorry for thee, but dare not say it loud—I feel for thee, but must not appear to do so. Our duties here are too strict, to permit any gratifying indulgence. Art thou awake---dost thou not hear me, Jew?

Isa. Child of my affliction, why shou'd thy threaten'd death bring my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave---Is she not here? May I not see her, Christian?

Dam. Impossible! ---not now at least; come! courage! she yet liveth.

Isa. (wildly.) Aye, liveth as Daniel in the lions' den, captive to men of Belial, who will wreak their cruelty, sparing neither her youth, nor her comely favor. Oh! she was a crown of palm to my grey locks, and she must wither in a night like the Gourd of Jonah.

Dam. She is not yet condemn'd---(a shriek heard.)

Reb. (without.) Nay, let me, let me see him.

Isa. 'Tis she! 'tis she! oh take this jewel, take it---

(*Damien rejects it, and retires.*)

What! a Christian, and refuse!

Enter Rebecca.

Ah! my child!

Reb. My stubborn guard, who wouldnt bend to pity, listen'd to golden argument; and oh! for the last time it is permitted, perhaps, that I embrace my father.

Isa. For the last time! oh Rebecca, daughter of Rachael, child of my old age, the darkness of the shadow of death hath encompass'd thee, and in its depth shall thy father also fall.

Reb. Nay! nay! but thou may'st yet save thyself and me, should I be condemned for this imaginary crime; the custom of these people will allow a champion in my cause.

Isa. And who will dare espouse an outcast's cause? the daughter of a Jew? whose only faults are truth to her religion, duty to her unhappy father, and having reliev'd the miseries of her fellow creatures without staying to enquire whether they were Jew or Christian.

Reb. Yes, there is one—I think—I know not—but I hope it, who will come forward even in *my* cause—Wilfred, the son of Cedric whom these Gentiles call

Ivanhoe, if he can yet endure the weight of his armour; at least send to him, father, and say that I am innocent, he hath favour among the strong men of his people, he was our companion in the house of bondage, and may at least find some one to do battle in his stead, shou'd he be still unable.

Isa. I go—but shou'd I fail, and shou'dst thou die!

Reb. I shall die free of the guilt I am charg'd withal, and do not thou afterwards tarry in this place of bloodshed, betake thee to the Saracen land where thy brother dwelleth.

Isa. It shall be so; farewell, my daughter, my daughter, offspring of my love! yes, if all faileth—I will leave this land, and seek the Saracen; for less bitter are the cruelties of the Moors unto the race of Jacob, than the *tender* Christian hospitalities of the Nazarines of England: fare thee well! [she retires.

Dam. (coming forward) Now, Hebrew; I must conduct thee hence.

Isa. Templar, altho' thou wilt not take my gold, be kind to *her* if thou cans't, be kind to my Rebecca, thou weep'st, can it be possible? a Templar weep, what cause hast thou?

Dam. I have a daughter, but 'twere treason here to name it.

Isa. True nature is banish'd here—thou hast a daughter? may she never know the peril of my Rebecca, or her good father half the woes of Isaac.

[Exit with Damien.

Reb. (comes forward) My guards return not—ah, who comes? the cause of all my trouble. (goes back.)

Enter Sir Brian and Malvoisin.

Sir Bri. Tell not me—he dare not—Rebecca is the victim of my folly, not the cause, nor shall even Beau-manoir, this mighty Master, flush'd with power, punish the innocent.

De Mal. This rage avails not, you are pitied as the victim of magical delusion, and she as a sorceress will be doom'd to suffer.

Sir Bri. She shall not, by heaven!

De Mal. Nor you, nor any one that lives, can save her, but the Grand Master; go throw yourself at his feet.

Sir Bri. Not at *his* feet—no, rather to his very beard I'll say—

De Mal. That you love this Jewess to distraction, and for her sake will relinquish the chance of becoming Grand Master yourself, for the pleasure of breaking a mercenary spear abroad, but I must leave you to prepare the judgment-seat,

Sir Bri. So soon?

De Mal. Directly, and see the cause of all this trouble, take thy farewell, for I must send a guard to lead her to the hall—bethink thee—be a man. [Exit.

Sir Bri. Be a man, then shou'd I act in stern defiance of this churlish order. Be a man! oh, who is a man who can desert a woman? yet tho' I wou'd not abandon her to fate, shou'd I be again repulsed, my vengeance would be equal to my love—Rebecca!

Reb. (coming forward) What wou'dst thou say? speak briefly, if thou meanest 'ought but to witness the misery thou hast caused, let me know it—and then so please you, leave me to myself, my pre-judged trial tells me, the step between this world and a better will be short and terrible, and I shall have but a few minutes to prepare for it.

Sir Bri. There is indeed a way from all this trouble, listen but to the suit I made ere while.

Reb. If thou art a man—be one—if a Christian, shew that mercy which rather your tongues than your actions pretend to, and save me from a dreadful death without seeking a requital which wou'd change thy magnanimity into the basest barter.

Sir Bri. Aye! if thou'l go with me far from this England to Palestine, where no Templar's scruples fetter us; rather with Saladin we'll league ourselves than endure the scorn of bigots we condemn; there shalt thou, without the forms of wedlock, be a queen, a free unfettered queen.

Reb. (after a pause.) Now, God be gracious to me, for the succour of man is hopeless!—leave me on

Sir Bri. And wou'dst thou, sooner than requite the love of a Norman noble, die the death of the worst of criminals, consum'd on a blazing pile? dispersed to the elements, not a relict left of that graceful form! Rebecca, 'tis not in woman to sustain this project; thou must yield to my suit.

(A guard enters and signs to Rebecca.)

Reb. Thou art mistaken, yet I forgive thee, tho' thou'rt the author of my early death. Thy Norman nobility is poor compared with her's, descended from princes of Judah—now no more ! Yet, though trampled down like the shorn grass, I will not shame such high descent—I envy not thy blood-won honors, I envy not thy Norman ancestry, nor yet thy faith, which still is in thy mouth, but never in thy practice, Fare thee well:

(*Drum rolls as she is taken off.*)

Sir Bri. There is a spell upon me—what's to be done?—I must attend and try at least to save her, and yet her obstinacy—Oh ! speak the truth ! In man, 'twou'd be called courage—nobleness—there is a lurking fiend which tells me here young Ivanhoe is the curs'd bar to what I wish—if so—oh ! no—I'll save her, be it possible—but not for him—oh ! no, no, not for him !

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

The grand Hall of the Templars—The Grand Master, Preceptors, Knights, and Brethren, arranged in order of judgment, as for a trial.

G. Mas. You've heard the cause of our assembly; bring forth the accused—

(*Music. Rebecca is brought in.*)

We have heard, Rebecca, of thy crimes: besides alluring from his duty a champion of our order, it will be prov'd thy sorceries surpass all we of late have read of—call the witnesses.

Gur. (*stepping forward*) I am one; while journeying for my liege lord, I was way laid and nearly slain by free knights followers, good Christian men, but skilful in hard blows; the prisoner heard of it, and sent me balms, medicine, and money, which, together, joined like magic to set me on my legs—I am now a

free man, yet wou'd I give up more than my life, even my new-gain'd liberty, and be your slave, so you wou'd set her free.

G. Mas. She used some words ?

Gur. Not one—'twas sent to me by a strange hand, nor did I know she was my benefactress till to-day—then hasten'd hither to attest the truth.

G. Mas. Some talismanic characters accompanied the drugs she sent ?

Gur. Some call'd 'em Hebrew, but whate'er they were, I've cause to bless them.

G. Mas. Fellow, get thee hence ; nor dare speak in favour of a sorceress—what other charges have ye ?

De Mal. Twenty at least, whom she has rais'd from beds of hopeless sickness, nine physicians have sworn the cures she effected were impossible, unless by downright witchery.

G. Mas. Enough, enough—speak, what hast thou to say ?

Reb. My life is wreckless, but I will not cast away the gift of heaven. The imaginary crime of sorcery I deny—I maintain my innocence, and declare the falsehood of the accusation—I challenge privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion.

G. Mas. And who will lay lance in rest for a sorceress—who will be champion for an infidel ?

Reb. Heaven will raise me up a champion ; it cannot be said, that in merry England, the hospitable, the generous, the free, where so many lose their lives for honour, there shall not be found one to fight for justice : there lies my gage.

(*Throws down her glove.*)

G. Mas. Give me the glove, a slight and frail gage for so dread a purpose—see'st thou, maid, as this small glove of thine is to one of our heavier gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the holy order thou defiest.

Reb. Cast Innocence into the scale, and the glove of silk outweighs the glove of iron.

G. Mas. One offer will I make ; renounce thine errors, and thou art free.

Reb. I am unskill'd to argue for my faith, but I can die for it

G. Mas. To whom shall we deliver this to be our champion?

De Mal. It must be our head preceptor, Brian de Bois Guilbert.

G. Mas. It is but justice—shou'd he refuse, his honour and his life are forfeit both.

Reb. Is any here, who for the love of a good cause, or ample hire, will do the errand of a distress'd being? no one? And in English land shall I then want that charity, which wou'd not be refused the worst of criminals.

Gur. Write thy message, damsel, and I am thy man—(*she writes.*) A neighbour here says, none but a fool will take it—now I, like my fellow-servant, Wamba, have been a fool all my life, and am willing, like the fair Jewess, to die in my profession.

G. Mas. Bear our command, with this glove, to Sir Brian—remove the prisoner and close the court.

(*Muffled drums—Rebecca gives a paper to Gurth, who goes off with it. She is guarded off on one side—the Grand Master descends and is going off, on the other, when the scene closes.*)

SCENE V.

A Woody Landscape.

Enter the Black Knight and Wamba.

(*Music. They look around and pause.*)

B. Kni. Fool, thou wast given me by thy master, Cedric, to be a guide, can't tell me why?

Wam. No, courteous sir, unless it was because he thought valour and folly often go together.

B. Kni. Did he not also think thou knewst the way?

Wam. Aye, sir, and more than that, I know there is a horn to sound three notes, if we shou'd be in danger.

B. Kni. We are in no danger of wanting it, nor shall I sound it—come fool—what wou'dst thou?

Wam. I wou'd borrow it so please you—for when valour and folly travel, folly shou'd bear the horn, because she blows it best—and it will be needful too, for an I mistake not, there are company in yonder brake, on the look out for us. *(they look out.)*

B. Kni. By St. George thy guess is near the mark.

(An arrow glances on the Black Knight's breast-plate.)

(Music. Fitzurse and Ruffians attack the Black Knight, who beats them back, and they stand at bay.)

Wam. Hold! hold! a parley.

B. Kni. *(to Wamba)* Dos't fear to draw thy sword, fool?

Wam. This is my sword, and I always prefer music before fighting—*(blows three blasts.)* Now, gentlemen, a fair field and no favor.

(Draws and joins in the fray—the Black Knight is nearly beaten down—Wamba blows again, the wood seems peopled with Yeomen—Lockley's at their head—Ivanhoe rushes between the Black Knight and Fitzurse, and strikes the latter to the ground—the helmet of the Black Knight is beaten off, when Locksley and his men rush forward to the rescue—the Ruffians are disarmed, kneel, and cry—Pardon! pardon!)

Ivan. Assassins! who shall grant it?

B. Kni. Their king! Richard! *(shout.)* Ivanhoe, thou hast well kept my secret—Locksley, thou art a true subject—*(all kneel.)* Such implements as those are worthless of my anger; but there, *(pointing to Fitzurse,)* Wamba, remove the helmet of that loyal knight, that we may know our friends.

Wam. Come, valiant bush-fighter, hold up your head—a great man wants to speak to you—don't be modest. *(takes off the helmet.)*

K. Rich. Fitzurse ! disloyal friend, who urged thee to this deed ?

Fitz. (gives a paper.) Thy father's son—Prince John.

Rich. Add too, thine own ambition and revenge, I wrong'd thee not.

Fitz. Thou didst disdain my daughter's hand—and—

Rich. And acted as I ought ; thou do st not ask thy life ?

Fitz. He that is in the lion's clutch knows it were needless.

Rich. Take it then unask'd, take thy life ; leave England and never name my brother as connected with this villainy ; break this condition, or breathe ought to attaint the honour of my house, and not the church itself shall be thy sanctuary ; I'll hang thee out to feed the ravens, from the very pinnacle of thy Norman Castle—hence.

[Exit Fitzurse.]

Locksley, give him a steed.

Gurth enters and gives Ivanhoe a Letter.

Lock. And but for my king, I'd send a shaft after the skulking villain, should spare him the labour of a journey. And now, my liege, my pardon may be needful—the pardon, not of Locksley, but of Robert of Huntingdon, or Robin Hood, with these his merry men. (kneeling.)

Rich. You have done good service—Rise, we throw a veil over all faults done in our absence—we were wrong to leave ye.

Wam. Aye ! good my liege ; for with all due reverence, when the cat's away the mice will play.

Rich. Fool, thou hast belied thy title, and shalt be rewarded too ; but where's my faithful Wilfred, or Ivanhoe ? what news hast thou to steal thy color thus

Iva. From you my liege I dare not aught conceal. Rebecca is attainted of her life, on the poor plea of sorcery, and my fell foe, Sir Brian, is the champion this day against her.

Rich. To horse then, merry men—I'll be her champion.

Iva. Against a subject, sire ? oh ! no indeed ! and Brian challenger ! my poor sword half meets my hand already to oppose him.

Rich. Thou'rt yet too weak.

Iva. In such a cause as this, dwarfs become giants.

Rich. Huntingdon, to horse.

Lock. So please my liege to take some slight refreshment.

Rich. Be speedy then, there's work yet to be done. I meant not to be known 'till I had reach'd my capital, which now is here, and every where—while so surrounded, happy the monarch who can thus behold in every face a friend. [Exeunt all but Gurth and Wamba.

Wam. Gurth, we'll to court, I'm tired of these woods.

Gur. So am not I—I'm free—free! good Wamba!

Wam. Not more than welcome, Gurth; well, when I grow great I'll come and see thee and thy herd of—what do you call those grunting things, that—

Gur. Can'st thou forget thy friends, my merry swine—you courtiers have short memories.

Wam. We have, and if I grow great at court, my comrades will soon forget I ever was a fool, unless I chance to lose my place; and if I do, I'll come and enjoy my little loaves and fishes next door to your free and independent piggery. [Exeunt.

SCENE THE LAST.

Tilt Yard of the Preceptory, and Solemn Procession to the lists—a Throne for the Grand Master—and a funeral Pile for Rebecca—Rebecca brought on last—She is seaed.

G. Mas. Where is the champion of our order?

Sir B. (coming forward.) Here,—if I may speak with the accused, bloodshed may be prevented and she be yet led to renounce her error.

G. Mas. Briefly then, and in presence.

Reb. I have no portion in thee, cruel man, what wou'dst thou with me?

Sir B. (in a low voice.) No champion will appear ; seem but to yield to their entreaty, and the swiftest horse that ever knight bestrode, waits to convey us hence. Oh, see the dreadful preparations—see that bile!—do not refuse to save thy life and me!—in one short hour pursuit and enquiry shall be far behind—a new world of pleasure shall open to thee—and to me, a new career of fame.

Reb. Tempter, begone ! surrounded thus by foes, I hold thee as my deadliest and worst, avoid me in the name of goodness. (*retires.*)

Sir Bri. Relentless woman, in thine own despight I'll save thee!—shou'd any champion come, I'll deal with him; then, in the moment of their fiendlike exultation, bear her hence, or shou'd I fall, 'twill end the fearful struggle.

G. Mas. No champion comes.

Voices.

Make way there

Reb. Ah ! shou'd it be ! alas ! my father ?

Enter Isaac, who runs towards his Daughter, and is prevented.

G. Mas. It may not be ! the hour for indulgence fast elapses ; take hence the old man.

Isa. Wou'd you tear a father from his dying child ? Monsters ! barbarians ! Oh for thunder's power to—

Reb. Father, be calm, we have a friend in heaven who yet will manifest—

Isa. Alas ! too late !—My messengers have return'd no champion to be found, and all afraid to take the side of a poor friendless woman. Nay, let me go, or where my child must suffer, there shall be my grave, or my unburied bones shall whiten'd lay, a monument of Christian cruelty.

(*Throws himself down--he is remove.*)

Reb. Now now ! while he perceives it not---since

no one dare appear in my behalf, lead me to yonder fatal pile, and consummate your duty.

(*A trumpet heard and a shout—Rebecca falls on one knee.*)

Then there is yet a friend to innocence—

(*The trumpet sounds again, and Ivanhoe appears, faint and breathless.*)

Ivan. (apart.) I have outstripp'd my sovereign and must abide his generous anger. Now, where's the champion in this holy cause—Wilfred of Ivanhoe, the son of Cedric, defies him to the death.

Sir Bri. I will not fight with thee—get thy wounds heal'd.

Ivan. My wounds *are* heal'd, and by the skill of her whose virtuous knowledge you have dared term sorcery. Nay, jealous knight, 'tis not the cause of love, but honest gratitude, which brings me here—my sword is ready in a righteous cause, nor shall she perish while this hand can wield it. Rebecca's champion boldly then defies, and calls each false accuser of a helpless maid—aye, and the knight who can support them—cowards!

Sir Bri. Sound trumpets, sound—and, should I conquer, grant me one poor request—'tis written here—(*shews a paper.*)

G. Mas. If it not give offence to—

Sir Bri. If, or not, promise, or I will throw my weapon down, and stain your order with a coward's name.

G. Mas. 'Tis granted with reservation—

Sir Bri. No reservation! swear!

(*G. Master bows.*)

(*Sir Brian to Ivanhoe over a cross as if taking a solemn vow.*)

My hate to thee and thine to me may now be satisfied.

Ivan. This be my answer to thee.

(*Trumpets—they fight—just as Sir Brian falls, a shout and cry is heard, and King Richard enters with all his party from the forest.*)

Rich. Hold! hold! I am too late, then—I had meant Sir Brian for my own sword. Was it well, Ivanhoe, to take on thee this maiden's safety and thine own, when thou couldst scarcely keep thy saddle here?

Ivan. 'Twere better I had died than *you* had risk'd your sacred person.

Sir Bri. Boast not thy conquest, youth—I meant it for thee—peruse that paper when I am no more—Those knights have sworn to grant what e'er it asks, and when 'tis read, e'en you, Rebecca, will forgive—and you, my injured master, pardon! pardon! (Dies.)

(Music. *Rebecca* falls at the feet of *Ivanhoe*—*Isaac* on the other side; *Ivanhoe* raises them, they rush into each other's arms—*Ivanhoe* comes forward, the Grand Master meets him, the King goes up with his attendants.)

G. Mas. Thou hast sav'd the damsel; ere we yet release her—

Ivan. Ere ye release her—have ye a shade of right, or if ye had, did ye not swear to grant what this requests—(reads)—“ Should I conquer, I demand by your oath the safety of Rebecca; should I fall, persecute no longer her father nor herself—so may you atone for the injury they've met from Brian”—And now ye suffering pair—

(Going to *Isaac* and *Rebecca*.)

G. Mas. Hold thee, bold knight—we must deliberate, ere yet this paper. How now, what would'st thou—

(To an attendant who approaches him.)

Attend. I wou'd advise thee to depart this realm. Philip de Malvoisin, I arrest thee of high treason.

G. Mas. Arrest—who dares?

Attend. I, Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Essex, Lord Constable of England.

G. Mas. By whose command?

Attend. My sovereign's! Richard, lawful King of England. (Flourish.)

G. Mas. A dreadful punishment will wait this boldness.

Ivan. Proud priest, my king disdains an answer to thee. His royal standard floats above thy mummery, nor all thy threats can pull that ensign, from where a British hand with justice it--Beware, thou'rt in the lion's grasp.

Rich. Templars, go where ye list, but rule not. Come, Ivanhoe, thy destin'd bride, Rowena, a father's favor, await to crown thy gallant loyalty.

Isa. And dare such humble subjects, as myself and Rebecca and myself intrude—with heartfelt grace to you, and you, and all, we'd say—our minds, our hearts, and means shall ever be devoted to our country and the good king we have so long revered.

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Ille enim iudicat in tua dignitate et in tua
gloria te condonat nisi tu quis es in domina.

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